

MONTANA

the magazine of western history

PRICE: ONE DOLLAR

VOLUME FIVE, NUMBER FOUR

978.6
m-76m
HEPNER, MRS. JOSEPHINE I.
P. O. BOX 894
HELENA, MONT.

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MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MONTANA

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WHEN COWS WERE WILD

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY CHARLES M. RUSSELL

AUTUMN, 1955

Sam Bass, Adobe Robin Hood. Mining State Journalism. Naming the Nez Perce. Abe Lincoln and Montana. Oregon's Imperial Pig. Trials and Tribulations of an Indian Treaty. Best of the Western Books. Excitement, adventure and superb illustration!

MONTANA

the magazine of western history

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OCTOBER, 1955

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THE COVER. Col. Wallis Huidekoper was a sympathetic visitor to a tired Charley Russell at Pasadena in 1926. When he made an offer to buy this beautiful painting the cowboy artist put his head on the table and sobbed. For a moment Col. Huidekoper was perplexed. Perhaps his price had insulted the gentle artist. But that was not it. "I love Montana so and I doubt if I'll ever see her again," C.M.R. said. When *Cows Were Wild* is considered the last finished water color ever painted by Russell. It is reproduced here for the first time.

Published quarterly by the Historical Society of Montana, established 1865. It is the official publication of the Society; also the only magazine of general interest officially sanctioned by the State of Montana. Subscriptions, which include membership in the Society, are \$4 per year; \$7 for two years; \$10 for three years; or \$100 for life. Because of continuity of subject matter it is recommended that subscription be on a calendar year basis, although this is not necessary. Single copies may be purchased at leading newsstands and bookstores. Some back issues are usually available here. We check facts as to accuracy but can not assume responsibility for statements and interpretations which are wholly the author's. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless postage is provided. This magazine is entered as second class matter at the post office, Helena, Montana. Publication dates are January, April, July and October. For change of address, please notify at least 30 days in advance of the next issue.

McKEE PRINT.



DID THE FRIENDLY TRIBE WHICH AIDED THE STARVING LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION, ACTUALLY PIERCE THEIR NOSES?

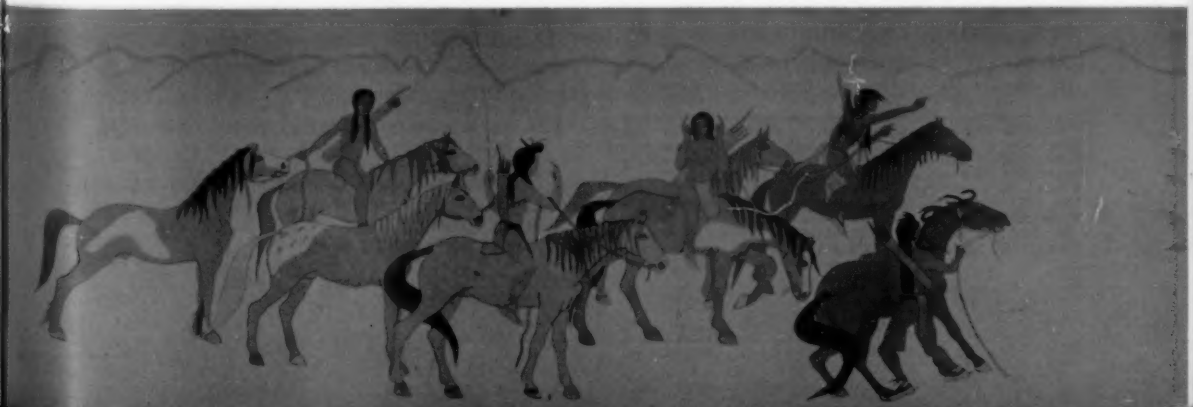
THE NAMING OF THE NEZ PERCES

BY ALVIN M. JOSEPHY, JR.

THIS YEAR, the people of the U. S., and particularly of the Northwest, have special reason to remember the once-strong and proud Nez Perce Indians. It was just one hundred and fifty years ago, on Idaho's gentle Wierpe Prairie, that men and women of the tribe gave succor and friendly welcome to the starving members of the Lewis and Clark expedition who had struggled across the Bitterroot Mountains on the Lolo Trail from Montana. The occasion marked Americans' first acquaintance with the Nez Perce, a tribe whose history during the next seventy-five years was intimately, and often dramatically, associated with some of the most important events of the Northwest's early development.

U. S. schoolboys in the 19th Century read of the Nez Perces in the exciting Washington Irving histories of Astoria and Captain Bonneville. Mountain men spun the Nez Perces into their narratives of the fabled fur trade, and in the 1830s

eastern pulpits rang loud with the inspiring account of a Nez Perce and Flathead delegation which trekked from the Rocky Mountains to St. Louis in search of a missionary for their peoples. The tribe's later welcome to the Whitmans and



Spaldings, its roles during the Waiilatpu tragedy, the Indian wars of the 1850s and the Clearwater gold rush that led inevitably to the surge of miners across the Bitterroots into Montana, all form colorful chapters in the Nez Perce story, a narrative that rises to thundering climax in the sad but valiant attempt by part of the tribe to escape their white tormentors in 1877.

Those who have been interested in the Nez Percés and their epic history have long wrestled with a small, but intriguing, riddle: how the tribe got its present name. The question is particularly fascinating because its answer somehow became lost in the earliest and least-known years of Northwest history, and its pursuit takes one back among romantic names and events that are still heavily cloaked in obscurity.

The bone of contention has been: did the Nez Percés ever pierce their noses, and, if not, how did so unhappy a misnomer come to settle upon them? For modern writers, the confusion was defined about fifty years ago in the monumental "Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico," an authoritative encyclopedia and bibliography prepared by the eminent Frederick Webb Hodge.¹ In describing the Nez Percés, Dr. Hodge wrote that the term was "applied by the French to a number of tribes which practised or were supposed to practise the custom of piercing the nose for the insertion of a piece of dentalium. The term is now used exclusively to designate the main tribe of the Shahaptian family, who have not, however, so far as is known, ever been given to the practice."

Since then, almost everyone who has tackled this point of Nez Perce history, has bobbled over the question, many of them finding only confusion and ambiguity in the earliest accounts and narratives of the tribe, and pleased to settle

finally for Hodge's inconclusive lead. For instance, Philip Ashton Rollins, in his notes to the "Discovery of the Oregon Trail," a transcript of Robert Stuart's 1812-13 journal of his eastward trip from Astoria, wrote: "The name Nez Perce was given by French voyageurs, but the reason for doing so is now uncertain as these Indians seemingly neither wore nasal ornaments nor pierced their noses."² Oscar Osburn Winther, a respected historian, went further in "The Great Northwest": "The Nez Perce were . . . erroneously named by French explorers; there is no evidence that either Nez Perce men or women pierced their nasal septums for nose ornaments,"³ while Fritz L. Kramer, in his recent "Origin of Idaho Town Names," followed suit with, "There seems to be no evidence that these Indians ever pierced their noses, as the name would lead to believe. It has been suggested that the name, as originally given by the French-Canadian trappers, may have been *Nez presse*, but this suggestion has not been substantiated."⁴

The roll of uncertainty and conjecture goes on. In "Hear Me, My Chiefs!" an enthralling Indian version of Nez Perce history, L. V. McWhorter wrote: "There is nothing in their tribal lore and traditions indicating that nose-piercing in any form was ever practiced among them,"⁵ while Robert G. Bailey's "River of No Return," a compendium of central Idaho history, legend and lore, termed the name a misnomer stemming from misunderstood sign language.⁶ Earlier writers on the Nez Percés, like Kate C. McBeth, H. J. Spinden and Edward S. Curtis who thought the name was rightly applied, made little or no impression on these later commentators, and even those

Despite the exigencies of life as an editor of *TIME* magazine in New York, Al Josephy has somehow found time during the past four years to do on-the-spot researching and some sparkling, yet scholarly writing for a book to be published soon by Alfred Knopf. Although this article was prepared as a by-product of this effort, it is not taken from the book manuscript. Recently Mr. Josephy succeeded in blasting the old myth that Bonneville's men gave Boise (Idaho) its name.

¹ Published by the Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington, D. C., as Bulletin No. 30. The reference is from Vol. 2 (1910), p. 65.

² Edward Eberstadt & Sons, New York, 1935, pp. 347-8.

³ Knopf, New York, 1947, p. 7.

⁴ Idaho State Historical Dept., 23rd Biennial Report, Boise, 1951-52, p. 86.

⁵ Caxton, Caldwell, Idaho, 1952, p. 9.

⁶ Lewiston, Idaho, 1947, p. 224.

who presented the opinions of Anthropologist Spinden or Historian Curtis—like Helen A. Howard and Dan L. McGrath in their book "War Chief Joseph"—did it uncertainly, and without presenting evidence to convince the reader one way or the other.

Obviously, the heart of the puzzle lies in the questions: who first settled the name Nez Perce on this tribe, and why? Getting at the answers requires knowledge of the first whites to have contact with the Nez Percés, for it is they who did the deed. By the time they had passed away, and the second generation of fur traders were on the scene, the answers were already shrouded in confusion and misinformation. Whatever documentation the first generation left disappeared (with the exception of Lewis and Clark's, whose role we shall discuss further on), and future writers were left with the hearsay and ambiguities of come-latelies, a situation responsible for modern conclusions far wide of the mark, such as Fritz Kramer's statement in "Idaho Town Names" that "The term Nez Perce does not seem to appear in literature earlier than 1840."

The first whites known to have met the Nez Percés were the members of the Lewis and Clark expedition, coming from the upper Missouri in 1805, and Iroquois, French-Canadians and half-breed trappers associated with Explorer and Trader David Thompson, one of the truly majestic figures of early Northwest history, who beginning in 1807 led the Northwest Company's westward push across the Canadian Rockies and down into the present U. S. Northwest. These are the two groups with whom our answers lie. Lewis and Clark's documentation has been available for a long time, but it is not the most important. The vital guidance comes from Thompson and his men, a shadowy group about whom absolutely nothing was known to historians through most of the 19th Century, and whose activities still lie in the romantic realm of half-truth and half-mystery.

Although bits and pieces of Thompson's interesting journals began appearing about fifty years ago, the most important clue to the naming of the Nez Percés came to light only recently with the appearance of certain previously-unpublished portions of the diaries in "David Thompson's Journals Relating to Montana and Adjacent Regions," a wonderfully valuable book edited and annotated by M. Catherine White and published at Missoula in 1950. It seems especially appropriate that this Montana-produced book indicates, as we shall see, that the Nez Percés, usually identified with Idaho and Washington, actually received their name in Montana, where so much of their stirring history, before and afterwards, occurred.

Thompson was one of the last, and possibly the greatest, of the northern explorer-traders whose drive after new and better fur territories carried them westward across the Canadian wilds into uncharted lands, and to knowledge of previously-unknown tribes. The push commenced in earnest after the signing of peace between England and France in 1763, when Canadian traders, out of Montreal, sneeringly called "Pedlars" by the Hudson's Bay Company employees who clung close to their northern forts around the Bay, began building posts along the Saskatchewan River. As the "Pedlars" cut off communications between the Hudson's Bay posts and the inland tribes with whom they had been trading, Hudson's Bay policy changed, and they too sent expeditions south and west to build competitive forts. By 1785, both groups had groped almost to the Rocky Mountains and knew the warlike and unpredictable Atsinas, Bloods, Blackfeet and Piegans. Through these tribes, they might have known vaguely of the Kutenais who had been driven westward across the Rockies in the mid- and latter 18th Century by the newly-armed Blackfeet. The whites had not yet, however, met the Kutenais.

There were two other nations with whom the Saskatchewan tribes warred,

and about whom they told the whites. They were two large, generally-defined peoples, and the Canadians who had not yet met either of them, thought of them as occupying great areas. One was the Snakes, the People of the Serpent, whom the Blackfeet had scattered south and west into the Rockies, and the other was the Flatheads, living somewhere between the Rockies and the Pacific Ocean in an area that now includes Washington, Oregon, Idaho and western Montana. The Canadians heard a lot about the Flatheads, and they referred nebulously to everyone who might be living in that area as Flatheads. An interesting map, presented to the American Congress in 1785 by Peter Pond, a U. S. citizen of Connecticut, who had been one of the earliest and most aggressive explorer-traders in the high northern Athabasca country of Canada, bears this out. Pond's map, a copy of which is in the British Museum,⁷ shows a river named "Naberkistagon R." approximately in the position of the still-undiscovered Columbia River, flowing into the "South Sea," and underneath it, the encompassing legend, "flat-head Indians country."

It is unlikely that Pond at this early date, before any whites had crossed the mountains, had picked up the term from an account written by John Ledyard or another mariner who might have seen coastal Indians who really did flatten their heads. More probably, Pond and his colleagues got all the information they had about the trans-mountain area from the knowledge and hearsay of plains tribes whom they knew. The fact that these tribes referred to everyone living across the Rockies as Flatheads was later corroborated on several occasions in Lewis and Clark's journals. On March 19, 1806, for example, Lewis said that he had seen heads being flattened among all nations west of the Rockies, and commented that "it is why *nations east of Rockies call all the nations on this side, except the Aliotans or Snake*

Indians, by the generic term of *Flat-heads*." This is probably as good an explanation as any of how the name, Flathead, arose in the first place, though it has led to other puzzles, such as why it was fastened on the present Flathead tribe alone, and also to great confusion by Americans during the early 19th Century between Flatheads and Nez Perces. We shall hear more of this later.

Until the time of Lewis and Clark, however, we have no documentation from the few Canadian halfbreeds, and possibly whites, who had crossed the Canadian Rockies farther south than Mackenzie, indicating what they had learned about the Flatheads, or other Columbia basin tribes. During the winter of 1804-5, Lewis and Clark took shelter near the Mandan and Minnetaree Indians on the upper Missouri close to present-day Bismarck, North Dakota. In preparation for their Spring jump-off to the unknown west, they gathered all the information they possibly could about geography and tribes along the route they hoped to follow. Their principal informants were the Minnetaree Indians who lived where the expedition was wintering, but who frequently went west on war parties against the Snakes, and who knew many of the strange plains tribes, and something of the geography as far as the Bitterroot and Salmon River Mountains in Montana and Idaho. What the Minnetarees had to tell was interpreted for the Captains by Toussaint Charbonneau, who had been living and trading among the Minnetarees (he had purchased from them, as a wife, the famed Sacajawea, whom they had captured during a fight with the Snakes near the Missouri's Three Forks), and by Rene Jessaume, a not completely reliable French-Canadian freeman who had first come down from the Assiniboine River to the Mandans about 1790 and, off and on, had been living among

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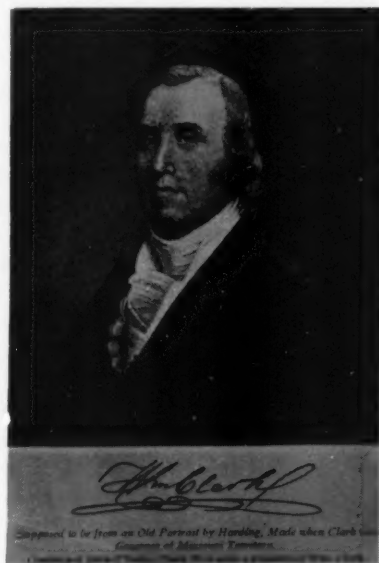


This painting of Lewis and Clark meeting the Shoshones is by Albert Roanoke Tilburne, now of New York City. He was the son of Nevada Red, friend and contemporary of both Buffalo Bill and Pawnee Bill. His family resided in Montana at the turn of the century. His paintings are in the collections of Queen Wilhelmina, Thomas Watson, W. A. Clark and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. This one is offered at \$1200.

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All the information the explorers collected that winter was put in a detailed summary and sent back to President Jefferson from the Mandan villages in April, 1805, when the expedition took off for the Rockies. The Minnetarees told them about the Crows and the Snakes. Then, beyond the Snakes, were Flatheads—"Tut-see-was" to the Minnetarees, "Tate Platt" to Charbonneau—the broad "generic" term by which plains Indians knew the people west of the Rockies. "The information I possess with respect to these people," Lewis wrote in the summary, "has been received from the Minnitaes, who have extended their war excursions as far westerly as that nation, of whom they have made several prisoners, and brought them with them to their villages on the Missouri: these prisoners have been seen by the Frenchmen residing in

this neighborhood. The Minnitaes state, that this nation resides in one village on the west side of a large and rapid river, which runs from south to north, along the foot of the Rocky mountains on their west side; and that the river passes at a small distance from the three forks of the Missouri . . ." The tribe, in this case narrowed down to one known village, did



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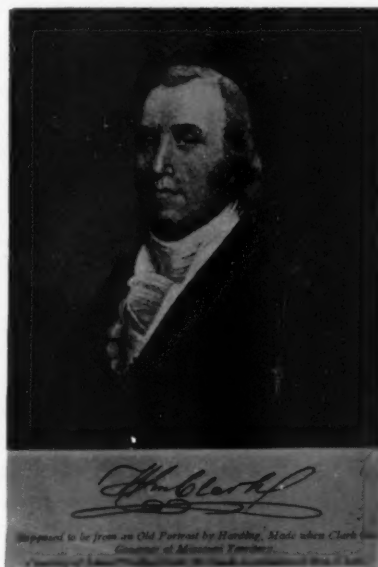


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Tribal leaders of the Blackfeet Nation, from a rare early photograph taken at the old Blackfeet Agency. From left, Stabs by Mistake, White Antelope, Neck (Blood), White Calf, Moves Out and Rides at the Door. Presented by Claude Schaeffer, former curator, Plains Indian Museum, Browning.

not yet have a white trader, Lewis noted, and the river it lived on was supposed to be a branch of the Columbia.

The summary also referred vaguely to a previously-unknown tribe living somewhere in the big domain long designated simply as "country of the flathead." They were the "Blue Mud Indians" who lived "In the Rock or Shineing mountains on the S. Side of a River Called *Great Lake River*, Supposed to run into the *Columbia* river, but little known."⁸ This information possibly came from the Northwest traders who might have picked it up from halfbreeds or Blackfeet in or near the Canadian Rockies, for the name appears again only in the far western literature of the Northwest Company. In or about February, 1811, five years after Lewis and Clark first recorded the name, Northwest Trader Alexander Henry noted in his journal at the Rocky Mountain House, on the Saskatchewan River on the eastern side of the Rockies, that Northwesters west of the mountains were now trading with Nez Perces "or as some call them, the Green Wood or Blue Earth Indians."⁹ So the American Captains' reference in 1805 might possibly be the first recorded allusion to the tribe later called Nez Perce. There is no mention in their summary of any other tribe west of the Flatheads, of pierced nosed Indians, or of anyone whom the French

called Nez Perces, and it is not reasonable to assume that they knew anything about a pierced nosed tribe at this time. Every scrap of information about the western tribes was eagerly collected and itemized for President Jefferson, and if anyone at the Mandan villages had mentioned the pierced noses, or any name, Indian or otherwise, referring to pierced noses, the Captains would undoubtedly have made note of it.

After leaving the Mandans, the explorers saw no Indians until they met the Shoshones on Idaho's Lemhi River, and here the record is clear that they heard, for the first time, about the Nez Perces. How they heard, however, is not clear, and we are not sure whether the information came by word or by sign language. Lewis, with his sign language interpreter Drouillard, was across the Divide, a couple of days' journey ahead of Clark with whom Charbonneau and the Shoshone woman Sacajawea were traveling. The date was August 13 when Lewis first met the Shoshones, and he wrote, "I enformed them by signs that I wished them to conduct us to their camp." On August 14, still without Sacajawea to translate for him, he wrote,

⁸ "Original Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition," edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites, New York, 1904, Vol. VI, p. 106.

⁹ "New Light on the Early History of the Greater Northwest," Elliot Coues, New York, 1897, Vol. II, p. 716.



Prominent members of the Flathead tribe from an early photograph in the Marcyes Collection, now in the Montana State Historical Library. From left, they are: Joe LaMoose, Chief Charlo and Moise.

"The means I had of communicating with these people was by way of Drewyer (Drouillard) who understood perfectly the common language of jesticulation or signs which seems to be universally understood by all the Nations we have yet seen. it is true that this language is imperfect and liable to error but is much less so than would be expected. the strong parts of the ideas are seldom mistaken."

Immediately after this sentence in the original manuscript comes an interlineal memorandum, possibly written in later by Clark: "This part to come in the 20th, related to Captain C. thro' the interpreter," which apparently meant Charbonneau who interpreted Sacajawea's Minnetaree version of what the Shoshones told her. After the interlineal memorandum, still in Lewis's hand under August 14th, comes: "The Chief further informed me that he had understood from the *persed nosed* Indians who inhabit this river below the rocky mountains that it ran a great way toward the setting sun and finally lost itself in a great lake of water which was illy taisted, and where the white men lived . . ." and further, in the same entry, "I now

asked Cameahwait (the Shoshone chief) by what rout the Pierced nosed Indians, who he informed me inhabited this river below the mountains, came over to the Missouri . . ."

These are the first references by Lewis or Clark to the Nez Perces. If the interlineal memorandum is wrong, and Lewis was actually having the conversation on August 14 with the Shoshones, he was conducting it by sign language. The sign for the Nez Perces, used by almost all tribes met by Americans or British, was made by closing the fist of the right hand and, with forefinger extended to the left, passing it horizontally beneath the nose, as if indicating a pierced nose. We shall defer the question of the derivation of this sign until later; the relevant point here is that the Shoshones of the Lemhi used it, and Drouillard would probably have interpreted it to Lewis as meaning pierced nosed.

If, on the other hand, the conversation with Cameahwait occurred on August 20, after Clark had come up and was using Sacajawea and Charbonneau to interpret for him, then the Shoshone chief must have used a word to Sacajawea which referred directly to the

Nez Perces as pierced nosed Indians. This is rather unlikely. There is no evidence of such a Shoshone term for the Nez Perce, nor that they ever again, on their own, made such a reference. In 1865, Granville Stuart noted that the Shoshones called the Nez Perces "Thoig a-rik-kah" (kouse eaters), a much more likely appellation by a tribe that usually called everyone after the food they ate.

This is all conjecture, however, and, either from sign or word, Lewis and Clark, independently of anyone else, first referred knowingly to the Nez Perces as pierced noses. A month later, when the explorers met the Nez Perces, they saw enough reason for a sign that indicated a pierced nose. Clark was alone this time, ahead of the main party and without an interpreter, and he says, September 20, 1805: "They call themselves Cho pun-nish or Pierced noses." Without an interpreter, the implication must be that he both understood them to say the word "Cho pun-nish" and saw them make the pierced nose sign, but, more important, the noses of some, if not of many of them, *were* pierced. There is no reference to it in the journals at this point, but when Lewis and Clark later came to summing up their impressions of the Nez Perces, they said it plainly. On May 7, 1806, Lewis wrote: "The ornaments worn by the Chopunnish are, in their nose a single shell of Wampom . . ." And on May 13, the journal states: ". . . the ornament of

the nose is a single shell of the wampum." One can only wonder what additional proof has been needed by all the writers who through the years have questioned whether the Nez Perces ever did pierce their noses? But we will have more to provide as we proceed.

It is questionable whether the name Chopunnish had anything to do with pierced noses. The word is believed by some to have resulted from a misunderstanding by Clark, and then Lewis, of a Nez Perce version of the term "Tsutpeli" or "Tsupnitpelun" (whose meaning we don't know), adopted possibly by some of the buffalo-hunting groups of Nez Perces, after hearing themselves called that—or a word, of which that was their own translation—by some of the tribes out on the plains. The Crows knew the Nez Perces rather well at this time, and frequently traveled with them, and though they apparently were not able to communicate knowledge of the Nez Perces to Lewis and Clark (via the Minnetarees at the Mandan villages) during the winter of 1804-5, there is an isolated and puzzling note made at the very same spot only a year later by the Northwest trader, Alexander Henry, who, on July 26, 1806, entered in his journal that a party of Crow Indians "brought word (to the Mandan villages where he was visiting) that the American party of Captains Lewis and Clark had ascended the Missouri, crossed the Rocky Mountains, and fallen upon a large river which they supposed would conduct them to the ocean. They also informed us that these gentlemen had had trouble with the Snake, Flathead and Oreille Perce nations, who inhabit the Rocky Mountains."¹⁰

IDEAS OF OTHER TRIBES

Who were the Oreille Perce? Pend Oreilles, whom Lewis and Clark had not met, or the Nez Perce whom they had met? If the Crow meant the Nez Perce, their sign language for that tribe, which the Shoshones also used, and which we have already described, might have been





misread, for if they were trying to indicate pierced noses, they were referring to a tribe of which the Northwesters, as far as we know, were still ignorant—and whom their people farther west would not meet and call Nez Perces for three or four more years, and then without the benefit of Crows or other plains tribes as intermediaries. For the same reason, any spoken name the plains tribes had for the Nez Perces—such as “Tsupnit-pelun”—is also a side issue to the main thread of our inquiry, as we have no evidence that those names were communicated to, or known by, the French-Canadians in the far Northwest who would meet the Nez Perces through tribes west of the Rockies. If there is a link between what the Crows, Minnetarees and other plains tribes called the Nez Perces, and the Northwesters who eventually settled the name “Nez Perce” on the tribe, it has not yet come to light. We have a stronger case, as we shall see, in the evidence contained in David Thompson’s journals. It is also possible, moreover, that Chopunnish—speculation over the origin of which has carried us along this side road—was corrupted from the word Shahaptian (a term of location), which the Flathead and Salish tribes west of the Rockies called the Nez Perces, and which, according to David Thompson and the men associated with him, was pronounced both by the Salish and the Nez Perces in a variety of ways, including “Shawpatin.”

At any rate, Lewis and Clark returned to the United States, calling the Nez Perces Chopunnish, or the pierced nosed Indians—a definite step short of the precise name whose origin we are seeking.

Eventually, the term “Chopunnish” was dropped and disappeared, but it is interesting to note that as late as 1855, Colonel Lawrence Kip, an observer at the great Walla Walla treaty council, reported that some of the Nez Perces were still calling themselves “Chipunish.”¹¹

THE DAVID THOMPSON STORY

After the American explorers, the first white man of record to reach the tribe was David Thompson, and to understand his role we must briefly narrate the process by which he came upon them. The relevant portion of his exciting story begins in October, 1800, when he started up the eastern slope of the Canadian Rockies for the first time, trying to find the Kutenais whom the Northwesters had been hearing about for years from the Blackfeet. Accompanied by five half-breeds, a Cree and a Piegan guide, Thompson traveled up the mountains with trade goods worth 300 beaver skins. On October 13, he learned that the Kutenais would be on the Divide the next day, and on the 14th, after riding 22 miles, he finally met a Kutenai chief with 26 men, seven women and eleven horses at the foot of a high cliff. The next day, he followed the Indians to their encampment and remained with them, trading and watching their gambling and horse racing, until the 17th. Then he prevailed on some of them to follow him back to the Rocky Mountain House on the Saskatchewan, which they reached on the 20th. He conversed with them on the

¹¹ “New Light on the Early History of the Greater Northwest,” Vol. I, p. 398. See “The Nez Perce Indians” by H. J. Spinden, in *Memoirs of the American Anthropological Association*, Lancaster, Pa., 1908, II, Pt. 3, p. 171-2, for comment on Indian names for the Nez Perces.

geography of their country, asked them to come again to guide him to their lands west of the Divide and then sent two of his men, LaGasse and LeBlanc, back with the Kutenais to help them evade their enemies, the Piegans, and to winter with them across the mountains. The year was 1800, and these two men were probably the first whites to cross the Rockies south of Mackenzie's route, and the first to absorb knowledge from the Kutenais of the tribes that lived to their south and west.

They left no record of what they learned, however, and Thompson tells us nothing of what they communicated to him. But, following on their trail, from 1801 until 1807, it is apparent that a number of freemen — Iroquois, Crees, Nipissings, halfbreeds, French-Canadians and their families—associated with the Northwest Company, drifted back and forth across the Divide, trapping and trading with the Kutenais, and picking up scattered bits of information about tribes beyond—the Flat Bows (Lower Kutenais), the Salish, including Flatheads, Earbobs (Pend Oreilles) and Pointed Hearts (Coeur d'Alenes), and, perhaps, the Nez Perces who would have been called Shahaptians. None of this information got into any document that has come down to us, but it is clear from Thompson's later journals that French-speaking trappers had been out ahead of him at this time, gathering information about tribes in present-day Montana and Idaho.¹²

During 1801, Thompson made a fruitless attempt to cross the mountains himself, then turned back to explore and trade elsewhere in northern Canada for the next five years. In 1806, stirred to action by the American Lewis and Clark threat to outflank the British traders on the west, the Northwest Company ordered Thompson to attempt again to cross the Rockies and open trade with the tribes in the Columbia River country. He returned to the Rocky Mountain House in October and prepared to cross the Divide

the next spring. A halfbreed, Jacques Raphael "Jaco" Finlay, who was to figure in much of western Montana's earliest history (and who is the Jocko memorialized in that region's modern nomenclature), was sent ahead with several men to cut a trail across the Rockies and build canoes on the Columbia River for Thompson's use.

On May 10, 1807, Thompson set out with his family and three voyageurs. Near the foot of the mountains, he was joined by his clerk, the strapping Finan McDonald, and five other men, and together they topped Howse Pass on June 25, and reached the upper Columbia five days later. Thompson called it the Kootanae River, and on it he built the Kootanae House where he traded with the Indians and wintered with McDonald. There were many freemen in the area, some of them apparently far-wanderers who might already have been in Montana, and they and the Kutenais provided him during the winter with interesting details about tribes and events farther south. Thompson heard much about the Flatheads, and their troubles with the Piegans, Bloods and Blackfeet, and on August 13, the Kutenais informed him "that about 3 weeks ago the Americans to the number of 42 arrived to settle a military Post, at the confluence of the two most southern @ considerable Branches of the Columbia @ that they were preparing to make a small advance Post lower down on the River. 2 of those who were with Capt. Lewis were also with them of whom the poor Kootenaes related several dreadful stories . . ."¹³

MYSTERY WHITES WHO KNEW NEZ PERCES

We can only speculate on who those Americans were, or what dreadful things happened to them, as the only known U.S. party at the time, Manuel Lisa's, was still far away, down the Missouri River, in July, 1807, bound for the Yellowstone. The period and the possibilities, however, are still wrapped in tantalizing mystery, and future research may



Left, the Nez Percés' famous Chief Joseph, one of the most brilliant of the great Indian Military strategists, from an original ambrotype given to Mrs. L. R. Hamblen by Joseph and presented by Thomas Teakles, Spokane. Right, some of Joseph's forlorn Nez Perce warriors following their capture at the Battle of the Bear's Paw in Northern Montana, just short of their hoped-for sanctuary, Canada.

reveal surprises. It does appear that somebody, unknown to present historians, was actually on the upper Missouri or the upper waters of the Columbia at this time and, in the context of our subject, may have had contact with the Nez Percés. During this same winter, for instance, Thompson also received letters at the Kootanae House from an American military group somewhere in the Northwest (and apparently led by a man named Jeremy Pinch), warning him as a British subject to get out of the area. There has been much guessing about Pinch, but he is still unidentified. Then, in February, 1810, Thompson records, too fully to dismiss, the murder by Piegiens of a man named Courter, "a trader and Hunter from the U States," apparently on the present Clark Fork River, above Hell Gate. We don't know who Courter was, how long he was there or how widely he and his men had traveled among the western Indians. But his presence made an impression: on his maps, Thompson named that portion of the Clark Fork "Courter's River," and years later, Finan McDonald, leading the 1823 Hudson's Bay Snake Country Expedition, referred in a letter to the site of "Corta's old Fort."¹⁴

Whoever the mysterious figures were, the various letters, messages, rumors and

hearsay of the winter of 1807-8 helped to broaden Thompson's awareness of new territories and new tribes farther south. On September 16, for instance, 13 Flat Bow Indians arrived and told him that they lived in a country adjoining the Pend Oreilles, or "Ear Pendants." They "drew a Chart of their Country as far as the Sea, describing the Nations along the River," Thompson noted, adding that he was very anxious to go down and visit the Flat Bows and Ear Pendants, but had to wait for Ugly Head, the big chief of the Flat Bows.

Thompson failed to record mention of the various tribes the Flat Bows told him about who lived "along the River," and if he learned this winter of the Nez Percés, he omitted that fact from his journal. In April, 1808, he portaged from the head of the Columbia to the Kootenai and descended that river to the site of Bonner's Ferry, Idaho, where he despatched a Kutenai Indian with tobacco

¹¹ "The Indian Council at Walla Walla" by Col. Lawrence Kip, U.S.A., Eugene, Ore., 1897, p. 11.

¹² Reports of the experiences of some of these men, perhaps forwarded East by Thompson or other Northwest traders on the Saskatchewan, may yet be found someday in Canada, or in the Hudson's Bay archives in London.

¹³ Thompson's Journal, May 10-Sept. 22, 1807, In Oregon Historical Quarterly, Vol. XXVI (1925), p. 43.

¹⁴ See "Jedediah Smith" by Dale L. Morgan, Indianapolis, 1953, p. 123.



Old Fort Colville in Washington Territory.

to the Flatheads, who were still farther south and whom he had not yet met. Without waiting for a reply, he explored farther along the Kootenai River, then returned by canoe and horseback to the Kootanae House (note the absurd differences in spelling of the same word occasioned by Canadians and Americans who were unaware of Thompson's versions, and who stamped approval on a number of later local preferences). He crossed the Divide with furs and returned to winter again on the Columbia, this time sending Finan McDonald and several companions down the Kootenai River with trade goods to build a post and traffic during the winter with the Indians at the falls. McDonald pitched two skin tents and built a long storehouse almost opposite present-day Libby, Montana. During the winter (1808-9), he sent two of his men, Boisvert and Boulard, to explore Lake Pend Oreille in Idaho. Near the end of the season, James McMillan came down from the Kootanae House to join him, and it is believed the two men visited Pend Oreille and possibly also Flathead Lake.

Again, we have no documentary evidence of all the tribes these men and their companions met, or heard about, during this first historic winter in Montana and Idaho. There might have been some Nez Perces in the Pend Oreille country, but more likely the whites would have become aware of them in

Montana, as they were in the habit of crossing eastward on the Lolo Trail to the Bitterroot and Clark Fork Rivers. Even if McDonald's men on the Kootenai didn't meet them, they might have heard of them, either from the Indians at the falls, or from some of the French-speaking freemen—eastern Indians, halfbreeds and whites—who were beginning to circulate through the country, living and trading with the Kutenais and their friends the Flatheads. The documentary record this early, however, is bare of knowledge of the Nez Perces, and further speculation serves no purpose.

In the Spring of 1809, Thompson again went east with furs, but was back on the Columbia in July. He descended the Kootenai River again to Bonner's Ferry and this time portaged his trade goods across country on an old Indian trail called the "Great Road of the Flatheads" to a point on Lake Pend Oreille just east of Sandpoint, Idaho. The occasion marked the first time Thompson had met the Flatheads, though they must have been pretty well known by this date to some of his men and to the free-wheeling freemen.

On the shores of the lake, he built his Kullyspel House, the first trading post in Idaho, and on September 24, 1809, while working on the warehouse, noted: "2 Green Wood Indians arrived, they made me a present of a Bear skin, 1 Beaver do & 5 Rats with 2 parcels of dried

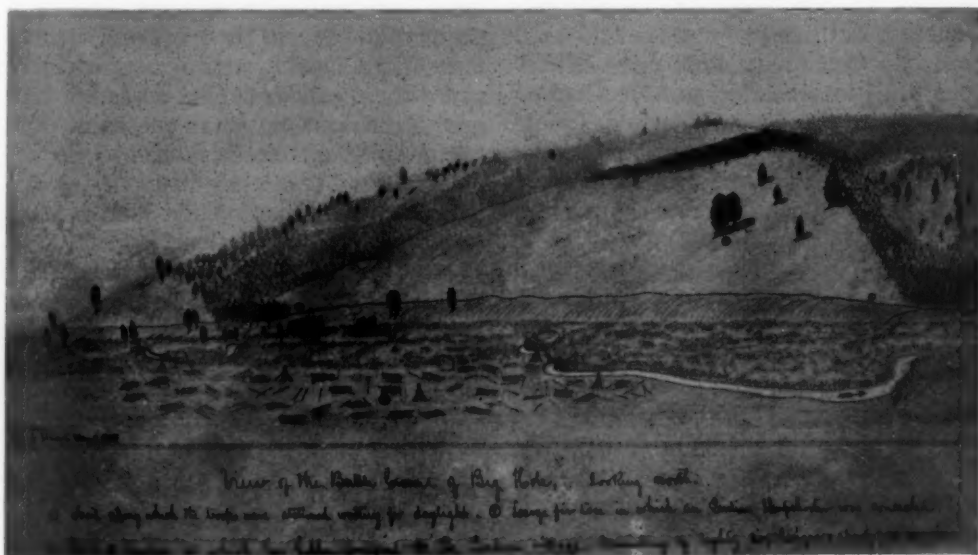
fish & 2 Mares, for which I shall pay them." According to Alexander Henry's journal of 1811, which we have already cited, these "Green Wood Indians," apparently named by sign, since no other Indians were present this day to interpret for Thompson, were none other than Nez Perces, the first Thompson had seen. The next day, Thompson wrote of them: "The lower Indians went away, gave each a bit of Tob. [bacco] & an awl, showed them how to stretch the different Skins & they promise to be here by the time the Snow whitens the ground."

Near the end of September, Thompson explored down the Pend Oreille River with one man and an Indian boy to a point near Cusick, Wash. During his return, he was irritated one day to find that "our Lad had gone off with one of my Horses to the Green Wood Indians we were therefore obliged to wait at 4 PM he arrived." It was Thompson's last mention of the "Green Woods" and, with the exception of Henry's reference in 1811 to the fact that the Nez Perces were also called the Green Wood or Blue Earth Indians, there is no further known use of the term.

October, 1809, was a busy month for Thompson. He rode 60 miles up the

Clark Fork from Pend Oreille Lake, crossed to the Kootenai, joined James McMillan bringing new trade goods down from the Columbia and, descending the Kootenai to Bonner's Ferry, portaged back to Kullyspel House. On November 2, he was off again, up the Clark Fork to a point near Thompson Falls, Montana, where on November 9 he commenced building the Saleesh House, a trading post for traffic with the Flatheads. Leaving Finan McDonald in charge at Kullyspel, Thompson wintered with James McMillan at the Saleesh House, making several trips in early 1810 farther up the Clark Fork with some of his voyageurs, freemen and Indians.

This part of the country seemed now very much alive with French-speaking trappers who had drifted over the Canadian Rockies and down from the Columbia before and after Thompson. They and Thompson's voyageurs swarmed around the Saleesh House, and provided contact between the Northwest Company trader and the Indians along the Clark Fork. In Thompson's journals, edited by Miss White and published for the first time in 1950, we find their names—important to us, because as a group they already knew the Nez Perces and were



Granville Stuart's "View of the Battle Ground of Big Hole, looking north" where valiant Chief Joseph and his Nez Perce outfoxed the whites.



Sheep Cross Horns, half Yakima, half Umatilla, who served with U. S. troops during the Bannack War of 1878 and was credited with killing the Bannack Chief and bringing his head to General Howard. From an old photo by Rutter, in the Historical Library.

FRENCH-CANADIANS COIN THE PHRASE

But to the French Canadians, the word must have been unmelodious and tedious, if not difficult, to use. They coined their own term, and on March 11, 1810, it appeared for the first time in Thompson's journal and, as far as we know, for the first time anywhere: "Traded a very trifle of provisions from the Nez Perce . . ." Thompson, irritated by something, added the uncomplimentary reference, a "parcel of lazy, thievish people," a judgment with which few others in the future would have reason to agree, and in which Thompson soon reversed himself.

telling Thompson about them: Etienne Forcier, Crepeau, Beaulieu, Roberge, LaGasse, Francois Methot, Boulard, Mercier, Mousseau, Register Bellaire, Bostonnais, Francois Rivet, Francois Sans Facon, Baptiste Buche, Francois Gregoire, Jacques, Martin, Pierre, Ignace and Joseph (all Iroquois), Joseph and Baptiste Delcour, Vaudette, Le Barbier, Michel Bourdeaux, Le Muet, Pierre Ginon, Le Bon Vieux, Lolo (was the famous trail named for him?), Charles Loyers, Jaco Finlay and Jacques Hoole (88 years old, a fabulous veteran of the battle on the Plains of Abraham and of the Quebec seige during the American Revolution).

From the Flatheads and other Salish tribes, these men learned to call the Nez Perces something that sounded like *Sah-pe-tinne*, which referred to the country in which the Nez Perces lived, south and west across the Lolo Trail, and that is the term by which Thompson also first referred to them in his 1809-10 journals at the Saleesh House. On December 16, 1809, he wrote: "Sent Beaulieu with an assortment of Goods & 2 Horses to the Sap me ap e tin Indians."

It is plain that these Indians were the Nez Perces of today, and not Yakimas or Cayuse or any other tribe along the Columbia in the vicinity of the Nez Perces whom Thompson later described as also having pierced noses. It was the Nez Perces of the Clearwater and Snake country alone, who trekked over the Lolo Pass to visit with the Flatheads in Montana. Moreover, we must assume that the French-speaking trappers called them Nez Perces because they, or some of them, *did* pierce their noses. Furthermore, although Lewis and Clark had heard them called pierced noses and had seen them wearing small pieces of dentalium in their noses, and had so reported, their testimony had not yet appeared to influence Thompson, or his men. Later, in September of 1810, Thompson might have seen a copy of Sergeant Patrick Gass's journal (published in 1807), which Alexander Henry had at the White Earth House of the Northwest Company on the Saskatchewan River, and Thompson is believed to have had one with him on his 1811 trip down the Columbia,¹⁵ but Gass made no reference in his book to "the pierced noses," as Lewis and Clark did in their journals which were finally published in 1814.

Since this is the first known use of the term Nez Perce for this tribe (thus entering literature thirty years earlier than previously acknowledged), it is fitting to inquire how the French-Canadians associated with Thompson probably arrived at it. During the early years of the 20th century, the anthropologist James A. Teit made a study of "The Salishan Tribes of the Western Plateaus," including the Coeur d'Alene, Okanogan and the Flathead group. Most of his work was done with the assistance of Indian informants many decades after the fact, but the accumulated material, edited by the famed anthropologist Franz Boas, and published in 1930 as the 45th annual report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, manages to throw convincing light on the early relations between these tribes and the Nez Perces.

With reference to the Coeur d'Alene, Teit discusses the use of nose ornaments as follows: "Nose pins were used by many women and by some men . . . After the tribe began to go to the Plains for buffalo hunting, nose pins rapidly went out of style. The Nez Perce and the tribes to the south used them, but none of the tribes to the east."¹⁶ Later, discussing the Flatheads, he comments: "No nose ornaments or nose pins were used by the Flathead and Pend d'Oreilles, and they were rare among the Kalispel and Spokane. It is said that they were common among the Nez Perce and all the more western Shahaptian and Salishan tribes."¹⁷ And, finally, describing the Salish sign language, he explains the sign for the Nez Perce: "Forefinger of right hand pointed across the nostrils or point of the nose. Sometimes the forefinger was simply held for a moment horizontally across in front of the nose. The meanings of the signs are 'Pierced noses.' They were so named because long ago nearly all the Nez Perce had their noses pierced, and they wore nose-pins of shell



White Bird, a Nez Perce warrior who fought with Joseph at the Bear's Paw but eluded capture and escaped to Canada. From a photograph presented to the State Historical Society by Antoine Garcia, Rivulet, Montana.

and bone to a greater extent than any other tribe."¹⁸

If this testimony can be believed, we must imagine that the French-Canadians on Montana's Clark Fork River saw Nez Perces with pierced noses, saw the sign language for them (which Lewis possibly also saw among the Shoshones on the Lemhi River), and easily took to calling them Nez Perces, which Thompson first recorded in his journal on March 11, 1810.

Thompson traveled back and forth between the Saskatchewan River posts and the Columbia River country for two more years, the advance leader of the Northwesters who by 1812 were ready to move into the region in full force and monopolize the area's trade. His journals show repeated contacts with the Nez Perces both along the Clark Fork River in Montana and in the area surrounding the confluence of the Snake and Columbia Rivers in present-day Washington. There is no further use of the term "Nez Perce" in his journals, as he seemed gradually to become aware that one large family, which the Salish called the Shahaptian, and which apparently stretched from the Columbia to the Bitterroots, was composed of many different tribes, or bands, each with its own name. On his historic 1811 trip down

¹⁵ Thompson's Journal, July 3-15, 1811, Oregon Historical Quarterly, Vol. XV (1914), p. 60.

¹⁶ Teit, p. 82.

¹⁷ Teit, p. 340.

¹⁸ Teit, p. 147.



The tragic later years. Nez Perce encampment at Nespelam, Wash. about 1904.

the Columbia to its mouth, he began to find all the tribes south of Wenatchee using the Shahaptian language, and most of them wearing "shells in their nostrils." As he progressed, the pierced noses among the Shahaptians became fewer, and near present-day Pasco, where he met Yakimas and Palouse, he reported, "Many of the women had not a shell in their nostril."¹⁹

The term "Nez Perce," however, continued to be used by the French-speaking Iroquois, Crees, halfbreeds and French-Canadians who, as Northwest voyageurs or freemen, swarmed in increasing numbers into the Columbia country from across the Canadian Rockies and down along the routes surveyed by Thompson. In western Montana, the term settled on the Nez Percés who came across the Lolo Trail to visit and go buffalo hunting with the Flatheads. Along the Columbia, it was used generally to designate the tribes about the confluence of the Snake and the Columbia, but because the tribe presently known as the Nez Perce was by far the strongest, most powerful, best known and most widely-spread of all these tribes, the leader of all of them, as it were, the title settled hardest on them, and, even though they very early abandoned altogether the habit of piercing their noses, they became in the popular mind of the French-Canadian trappers the Nez Percés, and their river, the Snake, was often called the Nez Perce River.

When Donald McKenzie came to build a Northwest post several miles below the

junction of the Snake and Columbia Rivers in 1818, it seemed natural to call it Fort Nez Percés. In 1855, Alexander Ross, who had had charge of the Fort in its first days, explained why McKenzie so named it: "When the first traders arrived in the country, they generally distinguished all the natives along this part of the communication indiscriminately by the appellation of 'Nez Perce' or pierced noses, from the custom practised by these people of having their noses bored, to hold a certain white shell like the fluke of an anchor. The appellation was used until we had an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with their respective names. It was, therefore, from this cause that the present establishment derived its name.

"The different tribes attached to Fort Nez Percés," he went on, "and who formerly went by that cognomen, are the Sha-moo-in-laugh, Skam-nam-in-augh, E'yack-im-ah, Is-pipe-whum-augh, and In-as-petsum. These tribes inhabit the main north branch (Columbia) above the Forks. On the south branch (Snake), the Pallet-o Pallas, Shaw-ha-ap-ten, or Nez Percés proper, Paw-luch, and Co-sis-pa tribes. On the main Columbia, beginning at the Dalles, are the Ne-im-eigh, Wiss-co-pam, Whiss-whams, Way-yam-pams, Low-him, Saw-paw, and You-ma-talla bands. And about the establishment, the Cayouse and Wallawalla tribes. It is to the two latter that the spot appertains on which the fort is erected, who are consequently resident in the immediate neighborhood. The

Ring of lodges at the 1904 Nespelem gathering. Courtesy of T. Teakles.



Shaw-ha-ap-ten and the Cayouse nations are, however, by far the most powerful and warlike of all these different tribes. The two last mentioned regulate all the movements of the others in peace and war."²⁰

And so the term "Nez Perce" settled on a tribe whose early abandonment of nose-piercing caused confusion among later fur traders, missionaries and emigrants, and resulted in a literature full of such observations as that of Overton Johnson and William H. Winter, members of the 1843 overland emigration, who noted in their journal that the custom of piercing noses for the purpose of wearing shells, quills, rings, etc., has been "almost universal and is still so with some" among "tribes inhabiting the shores of the Pacific, but not among the Nez Perce."²¹

The nose-piercing custom was undoubtedly a reflection of the fact that, early in their history, prior to their possession of the horse, the Nez Perce culture was closely identified with that of the tribes along the Columbia River who not only highly valued the *haiqua* shell,

gathered mostly north of Nootka and traded inland from tribe to tribe as an ornament for the nose, but also practiced head-flattening. The Nez Perces intermingled with the Columbia tribes at the Dalles and other river trading areas, and the river tribes exerted strong influence on the Nez Perces who copied their nose-piercing and, to some extent, the flattening of their children's heads.

When the Nez Perces got the horse from the Cayuse and Snakes about 1730, their culture took a turn, becoming less influenced by the river tribes and more by the Flatheads with whom they now went buffalo hunting east of the Bitterroots. This tribe, to whom both nose-piercing and head-flattening were alien, used the pierced nose sign for the Nez Perce. It appears possible, however, that in traveling over the plains with the Nez Perces, the Flatheads were given their own present name by other tribes who were struck by the few flattened Nez Perce heads among the group. This is pure speculation, and without direct relevancy to our subject, but for many years the two tribes were confused by both Indians and whites, and most Americans inevitably called the Nez Perces "Flatheads," until the 1830s after Jedediah Smith had broken into the Northwest, and U.S. trappers were able to learn more about the individual tribes in the area. Clark repeatedly referred to the Nez Perces as Flatheads in his 1805-6 journals, and Patrick Gass used no other name for them, save near the very

¹² "David Thompson's Narrative," ed. by J. B. Tyrrell, Toronto, 1916, pp. 486-8.

²⁰ "Fur Hunters of the Far West" by Alexander Ross, London, 1855, Vol. I, p. 185.

²¹ "Route Across the Rocky Mountains with a Description of Oregon and California, Etc." by Overton Johnson and William H. Winter, *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, Vol. VII, p. 183.

²² Stuart's journal in "The Discovery of the Oregon Trail," ed. by Philip Ashton Rollins, p. 82.

²³ McWhorter Archives NP 42, State College of Washington Library, Pullman, Wash. Also, see "Pays Tribute to the Famous Nez Perce Chief" in *Spokane, Wash., Spokesman-Review*, Nov. 4, 1906.



point of leave-taking when he finally said, "The nation here the Cha-no-nish." In 1808, John Colter told of a battle on the Gallatin River a day's journey from the Three Forks in which he joined a large party of Crows and "Flatheads" in beating off a vicious attack by Blackfeet. Three years later, Wilson Price Hunt, leading the Astorians in the first overland crossing of the U. S. since Lewis and Clark, met a band of Snakes and "Flatheads" in Wyoming's Big Horn mountains. Were these "Flatheads" really in part, or in toto, Nez Perces? It is not implausible to believe they were. In the journal of his eastward crossing of 1812-13, Astorian Robert Stuart says on August 12, 1812: "This tribe (Cayuses) as well as the Flatheads (who are reputed to be excellent Indians, about 1,800 warriors and inhabit that tract of country situate between Lewis' River [the Snake] and the northwest branch, or main Columbia, bounded in the rear by the rocky mountains,) own immense numbers of horses . . .²² From Stuart's context, and the geographical description, these "Flatheads" can only be the Nez Perces. Moreover, for almost thirty years, many maps of the region, including some of the best and most influential, such as Brue's of 1833, showed the Chopunnish and Salish as two tribes of a parent Flathead nation which stretched from the Columbia River to the area of the Continental Divide, indicating the continuing influence of the plains tribes' reference to all people west of the Rockies as "Flatheads."

After 1821, the British of the Hudson's Bay Company learned to call the tribe Nez Perces from the French-Canadians

of the old Northwest Company, and in time the American trapper, missionaries and settlers of the 1830s and 1840s learned the name from the Hudson's Bay men. They called them N'parsies, Napeersays, Neckperces, and a hundred variants, finally settling for the present spelling, and the pronunciation, "Nezz Purses."

It is perhaps inappropriate to conclude without attempting to lay to rest, for all time, one hopes, an exaggeration in the opposite direction, which a number of writers have repeated without examination. While in the East, pleading for his people after the 1877 War, Chief Joseph gave an interview which appeared, written as if in his own words, in the *North American Review* of April, 1879, under the title, "An Indian's Views of Indian Affairs by Young Joseph." Joseph, who knew little English and leaned heavily on the Chinook jargon when conversing with whites, certainly couldn't write English fluently, yet in the article he is made to say, "These men (the first whites in the Northwest) were Frenchmen, and they called our people Nez Perces, because they wore rings in their noses for ornaments. Although very few of our people wear them now, we are still called by the same name."

Portions of this article have been used again and again to quote Chief Joseph's "own words" on the war and on other subjects. But the Nez Perces never wore rings in their noses, wore nothing in their nostrils in 1879, and Chief Joseph never would have said they did. The article, in truth, was written by an imaginative Eastern journalist, after the interview in which most of the talking was done by Arthur W. Chapman, an interpreter who had served General O. O. Howard during the wartime pursuit of Chief Joseph, and who was assigned as interpreter to Joseph during the Indian statesman's visit to the east.²³

It is a small point, but to the admirable Nez Perces, and students of history, an important one.

[THE END]

By Joseph Kinsey Howard

Manifest Destiny and the British Empire's Pig

The highest echelons of diplomats and military brass figured in a fanciful episode in Oregon Country in 1846.

In these days of atomic alarm with most of us pretty well persuaded that another war will doom civilization, there is some grotesque interest—even comfort, of a sort—in recalling that once we almost went to war over a pig.

At the time the pig involved himself in our foreign policy (fatally for him) an atom was thought to be a pretty solid chunk of matter—not as solid as a pig, but at least safely infrangible. It hadn't occurred to anybody to try to split one. On the other hand, at the time and in the place where the incident occurred—the middle of the nineteenth century on our most remote frontier—a pig was even more important than he is today, despite the difficulty we've been having lately getting any part of a pig from the butcher.

Then, too, the pig was British, which made a difference. In no time at all he had become an imperial pig, though dead; he took on all the majesty of the lion and the unicorn, "honi soit qui mal y pense," and even "Dieu et mon droit." His birth was obscure and in no way remarkable, yet he was inexorably marked by Fate, for he and America's Manifest Destiny were born at about the same time.

When death cut down Joseph Kinsey Howard slightly more than four years ago, Montana lost a most articulate voice. It is with deep pride that this magazine, which he helped guide through infancy, offers an unpublished article by the talented author of *STRANGE EMPIRE. MONTANA MARGINS* and *MONTANA, HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME*; made possible by the diligent search of his mother, Josephine, and his friend, A. B. Guthrie, Jr. We are indebted to them for the honor of publishing, once again, the work of this distinguished writer.

Manifest Destiny was a slogan, a hymn, a war whoop. Good slogans like that have caused the world no end of trouble; the two words which launched fascism, for instance—"To Rome!"; or "For Fuehrer and Fatherland!"; or "All Power to the Soviets!" Or, for that matter, those singing commercials which threaten to cause permanent estrangement between the radio industry and a lot of its listeners.

Just who dreamed up Manifest Destiny isn't clear, but Bernard DeVoto, who calls it "one of the most dynamic phrases ever minted," traces it to a Democratic editor in 1845. Its birth was almost as obscure as that of the pig, but it helped to push a hundred thousand Americans across the Plains, through blizzards and desert heat and Indians. Manifest Destiny was so good, so satisfying, so firmly packed (these slogans *do* get into the language) that we still think it justified our conquest of a continent which didn't belong to us.

In the course of that conquest some people insisted upon getting in our way. Some of them, the Indians, we tricked, corrupted and finally almost destroyed; but then we ran into the British. They were as foxy as we were and astonishingly incorruptible, and we weren't sure we could lick them; but implacably we pushed Westward, more and more thousands of us, seeking homes. Though we considered ourselves a peaceful people, we had a chip on our shoulder nonetheless: this continent was ours and we intended to have it. Of course if those we

encountered would just leave the chip lay there'd be no trouble, but the imperial pig blundered into Manifest Destiny and knocked off the chip. As to what happened then—well, today we'd call it imperialism; in fact today we do call it imperialism, when somebody else acts the same way. But a century ago it was Manifest Destiny, made in America.

To understand about the pig it is first necessary to learn something of his environment, which was the fabled Oregon country. By virtue of prior exploration and settlement, Britain's claim to that portion of Oregon (not Oregon state; that came later) which lay north of the Columbia River was considerably better than ours. But Britain's settlement had been confined to fur trade posts, whereas the Americans, south of the river, built homes. The Hudson's Bay Company's post governors couldn't persuade their government, until it was too late, that American encroachment upon asserted British territory in Oregon was serious. The fur trade declined, the British became hopelessly outnumbered, and the Americans thought up another slogan to tie to our Manifest Destiny—"54-40 or Fight!" It meant that we wanted the international boundary line fixed at the 54th parallel of latitude or we'd go to war.

Oregon was a long way from London and Britain had a peace-minded cabinet. Convinced that our slogan meant what it said, the British yielded to the extent of giving us by treaty in 1846 a line on the 49th parallel from the Rockies to the Pacific, which was really about all we'd expected to get, despite the slogan. This line was well north of the Columbia River. The treaty provided, however, that after leaving the mainland, the extension of the boundary should dip south of the 49th parallel so as to leave to Britain the whole of Vancouver Island, at whose southernmost tip Fort Victoria had been established in 1843.

In its description of this extension of the boundary into the Pacific, the treaty

had a serious flaw—a loophole large enough to admit a pig. The treaty fixed the line "through the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver Island." But there were *two* channels between the mainland and the big island, with a group of small islands dividing these channels. If the treaty meant the easternmost channel, this archipelago, of which San Juan Island was the most important member, went to Britain; if it meant the western channel, the group belonged to the United States.

The Hudson's Bay Company had formally claimed San Juan Island for Britain in 1845 and had posted a wooden tablet on a hill to affirm that claim, but as soon as the flaw in the treaty was discovered the United States asserted that of course the western channel had been meant and San Juan was ours. We were reckoning without a certain bull-headed Scotchman named James Douglas.

Douglas was governor of the Hudson's Bay post and Crown Colony of Victoria. He was a tall, powerful, conscientious man; his colleagues found him generous but inclined to be aloof, very religious, a scholar. His life was dedicated to Britain, his great Company, and his family. He was extremely fussy about his own dress and that of his wife and children—he did the ordering for all, meticulously specifying quality, cut and color. (These details may seem irrelevant, but Douglas's character had much to do with what happened.) Probably his sense of humor was not very robust; we can judge it somewhat by the fact that he clipped jokes from magazines and pasted them carefully in a scrapbook on whose cover he solemnly wrote one word: "Amusing."

Governor Douglas ignored the claims of the upstart Americans and put a fishing station on San Juan Island.

The Oregon Territorial legislature countered by "annexing" San Juan and incorporating it within Whatcom County.

Governor Douglas established a sheep camp on the island and sent herders to tend the sheep.

An American customs collector found the sheep and demanded payment of customs duties because, he said, they were on American soil; and Whatcom County assessed them for taxes.

James Douglas, a religious man, said nothing; but his silence was eloquent. He did nothing, either.

The Americans sold the sheep and impounded the proceeds—and Governor Douglas, Scot to the core, blew his top. His dignity still precluded direct negotiations with the interlopers, but his angry protests sped to his government in London. The stately machinery of international diplomacy began to move. So did settlers, both British and American, but mostly American; some homes appeared on San Juan Island.

London told Douglas to stand his ground: "treat the island as part of the British Dominions." Washington, on the other hand, was none too sure of our rights; it warned the governor of Oregon Territory to "abstain from all acts which are calculated to provoke any conflict."

Neither government knew about the pig.

Some historical sources say the pig belonged to a local British magistrate, Justice Charles J. Griffin; others say it belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company and was merely in the legal custody of Justice Griffin. At any rate it was a thoroughly British pig. It went where it listed and it ate what it damned well chose to eat, much to the annoyance of Americans on San Juan.

One day it discovered the garden of Lyman A. Cutler, an American. Royal prerogative being what it is, the imperial pig entered Cutler's garden, dined—and died. Yankee Cutler was proud of that garden. He killed the pig.

Justice Griffin was horrified; Governor Douglas was outraged; the Empire, they were convinced, was at least extremely annoyed. They took steps. They swore out a warrant for Cutler.

The Americans suddenly remembered the admonition from Secretary of State Marcy, no less, not to start anything. Cutler was persuaded to offer to pay for the pig. But no amount of money could compensate James Douglas.

British constables came to arrest Cutler and he pulled a gun on them. They went away, aghast. Nothing like this had ever happened before.

General William S. Harney, who was in command of United States troops sent to the Territory to protect the settlers against Indians, learned of the trouble and went to San Juan. He hurried back to the mainland and ordered the island "occupied," dispatching sixty soldiers under command of Captain G. E. Pickett, who was subsequently to become famous as a Confederate general and leader of the gallant charge at Gettysburg. Harney ordered Pickett to safeguard the Americans' civil rights on the island and to "resist all attempts at interference by the British authorities."

By this order Harney recklessly thrust his country to the very verge of war. There is reason to believe that he hoped a clash with Britain on the frontier might pull the Union together and avert the imminent War Between the States (it was now 1859). But whatever his motive, the gesture was one of the most foolhardy in our history.

James Douglas, as might have been expected, reacted promptly and angrily. Three British warships lay at anchor in the harbor at Esquimalt, near Victoria; he sent them to San Juan with orders to land marines and drive the Americans into the sea.

Here it might be well to point out that we are perhaps too quick to malign the "professional military mind." Of course, there was Harney, and Pickett was spoiling for a fight; but on the other hand, it was the forbearance and common sense manifested by two other professional fighting men which saved America and Britain from plunging blindly into the silliest war ever fought, a war over a pig.



As the photographs on these pages indicate, Oregon country was infinitely worth annexation—although a war over a pig would have been silly. Even today, after more than a century of exploitation, the resources of the vast Pacific Northwest are incredible; abundant hydro-electric power, fabulous mineral lodes, millions of acres of tall timber and rich farming and ranch lands.

First of this sterling pair to reach the scene of imminent conflict was Captain Hornby, commander of Governor Douglas's task force. He lined his ships up offshore, but in calm defiance of the irate Scotchman's orders he did not attempt to effect a landing. His force was far superior in numbers and armament to that of Captain Pickett and he could have forced a landing if he had wanted to; but under the circumstances he wisely did not choose to fight — though Pickett taunted him with a defiant challenge and though General Harney rounded up more troops and sent them to be landed under cover of fog. Douglas raged in Victoria; he never forgave Hornby for his refusal to start a war. Hornby waited.

For a time the British captain's position must have been most uncomfortable, but his superior officer, Admiral Baynes, came hurrying to the scene and fully upheld Hornby's refusal to carry out the orders given him by Governor Douglas. The admiral gave explicit orders: Captain Hornby was not, "on any account whatever, to take the initiative in commencing hostilities."

Messages moved back and forth between Washington and London. Cutler and Griffin, Douglas and the pig were forgotten. War was imminent on the Oregon frontier, 15,000 miles by water from New York. Neither government

wanted it, but one can blunder into war. Somebody had to be "pacified"—so the United States did what it had often done before when a peacemaker was needed: it called for the commander-in-chief of the Army, General Winfield Scott.

Scott was one of the most remarkable men in our history. He was 73 years old and crippled when he went to Oregon; two years later, when he retired, President Lincoln and the cabinet walked to his home in order that Lincoln might personally read him a tribute to his magnificent services for his country. Scott, more than any other one man, was responsible for successful conclusion of two of our wars and for keeping us out of several others in which Manifest Destiny might have gone off the track. He won the Mexican War despite inefficiency and betrayal within his own command and vicious political intrigue behind his back. Throughout his most important campaigns he served under a President, Polk, who hated him and who eagerly seized upon any excuse to discredit him. Like other notable American soldiers, Scott was egotistical and given to unfortunate flourishes of rhetoric; he was so punctilious about his uniforms that he was nicknamed "Old Fuss and Feathers," and his manner was somewhat irritable. Some irascibility can be ex-

cused in a man who, grown old and infirm in fifty years of public service, is told to cross thousands of miles of wilderness to settle a quarrel about a pig.

General Scott had important things on his mind. The Civil War would break out at any moment, he feared; he had been pleading unsuccessfully for strengthening of the Southern garrisons so they would not collapse immediately in event of secession. He was a Virginian, but his loyalty to the Union never faltered.

He took one disgusted look at the San Juan Island "crisis" and settled it. Truculent Captain Pickett he transferred to the mainland; then he invited the British to land their marines at one end of the island and to occupy the disputed ground jointly with the Americans until the diplomats made up their minds. The British immediately agreed. Captain Hornby's patience and General Scott's horse sense had averted war. Scott hurried back to Washington.

But General Harney was irked by the easy and undramatic solution the commander-in-chief had devised for Harney's international incident. He sent Pickett back to the island.

General Scott promptly yanked General Harney clear out of the Northwest and sent him where his belligerence would have less to work on. Pickett, considerably chastened, behaved himself until his resignation in 1861 to join the Confederate Army. The British and American garrisons on San Juan became fast friends and attended each other's parties. It's a good thing they did, for their association lasted twelve years!

Stern Douglas was appeased. Her Majesty's flag flew on San Juan, albeit so did the Stars and Stripes. No more pigs died at alien hands; British and Americans both used the island and dwelt amicably together.

In 1871 after once rejecting it, Congress accepted arbitration. The dispute was referred to Kaiser Wilhelm I of Germany, and in the following year he decided in favor of the United States. The



Swift-flowing streams and abundant water-power are characteristic of the region. This is Black Canyon on the Lochsa River which flows along the Lewis and Clark highway between Idaho and Montana.

British garrison departed and San Juan County, Washington Territory, was created. The tax collector started coming around again.

In 1877, five years after the Kaiser's decision, Governor Douglas (he had become Sir James) stalked, erect and unsmiling, into his stern Scottish Heaven. His formal, perfectly cut long coat was spangled with decorations, his name weighty with honors. For many years he had been, for all practical purposes, the king of Western Canada. He was the first governor of the province of British Columbia, and under his dour scrutiny the gold rush that province enjoyed was the quietest, most moral gold rush ever seen anywhere and not much fun. Perhaps, along toward the end, he was resigned to his one defeat—his inability to visit the wrath of Her Majesty's Empire upon the damned Yankee who slew that pig.

General Winfield Scott had died eleven years before. He, too, had failed in one ambition: he had wanted to be President of the United States.

War is war, no matter how thin you slice it; and the instant cause is often forgotten in the problems war brings with it. America's Manifest Destiny, however, no longer dictates that we shall fight over a pig.

[THE END]



HAZARD and the CENTENNIAL SUMMER

By Stanley Davison

Paul Revere's famous ride was nothing compared to the 150-mile ride of the 13-year-old son of Gov. Isaac Stevens through Indian infested upper Missouri country with his message to the savage Gros Ventres which made possible the treaty council of 1855.

One time at Fort Benton a 13-year-old boy stayed out all night and didn't show up until three-thirty the next afternoon. No one suggested that the juvenile authorities take action, and not just because the boy was the governor's son. There were no juvenile authorities in Montana in 1855, and Governor Stevens himself had sent the boy on his overnight ride of 150 miles with an emergency message to a band of Gros Ventres encamped on Milk River. This was only one, although the most dramatic, of a whole season of adventures for young Hazard Stevens, that summer one hundred years ago.

On the day of his birth, in his maternal grandfather's old mansion at Newport, his father had written to Grandfather Stevens, announcing his arrival:

The little fellow has been squalling most unmercifully this morning, and seems to take it for granted that no one's convenience is to be consulted but his own. If he will but show the same energy in the development of his other faculties, we may expect great things of him.¹

Isaac Stevens could have rested easy, for his boy had all the energy and ability that it would take to make him his father's trusted helper in man-sized affairs within a dozen years, and to gain a captain's commission as adjutant in his father's brigade at only 19. His summer of exciting life in Montana played a big part in qualifying him for the responsible and arduous assignments which lay not far ahead.

Isaac I. Stevens had come west two years before, leading the survey party searching out a railroad route across the northern plains and through the Rockies.² He was also designated Governor of Washington Territory, which he entered as he topped the crest of the mountains in Cadotte's Pass, southwest of Great Falls. Completely charmed by the whole northwestern country, he lost little time in returning east to bring out his young family to a new home on Puget Sound. This round trip was made by sea, with portages over the Isthmus, and the voyage west was only a little less rigorous than an overland crossing to Washington would have been. A trip by mule-back and on foot across Panama was sandwiched between two ocean passages on crowded and dirty ships. Hazard got

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sick, and so did his younger brother and two little sisters; so the whole family delayed at San Francisco to recuperate. They finished the journey by horseback, after more intervals of ships and riverboats. Finally, the sight of their "home" in the primitive mud of Olympia caused their mother to take her turn at being ill, but they soon improved it into a livable house, fit to bear the name of the Governor's Mansion.

It was from there that Isaac Stevens started back over his earlier route in the spring of 1855, to complete the work of concluding treaties with the various tribes along the way. He had made a start on this business on the way out, well aware that a railroad coming through the lands of the Crows, the Blackfeet and the Flatheads would call for peace in the country. Not just peace between Indian and white, but an end to the wars between the tribes. Just as in our time, diplomacy had to be carried on in easy stages, and Stevens knew that trying to do everything at once would result in total failure. So as he came through the Blackfoot country, roughly all the region of the upper Missouri, he persuaded their chiefs to agree tentatively to meet with the tribes west of the Divide in a general council of peace. He made similar arrangements with the Indians in his own Washington Territory. Now it was time to build on that beginning, and the Governor set out from Olympia for the mountains, traveling down to Portland

and up the gorge of the Columbia. In the party was his son Hazard, still a few weeks short of his thirteenth birthday, taken along with the understanding that he would turn back at the military post at The Dalles and return home. Luckily for him, for the success of his father's errand, and for readers of western adventure, he was not sent home from The Dalles or anywhere else, but went on with his dad to the full completion of an exciting and historic trip.

Where Walla Walla now stands the little party met in council with some three thousand Indians including the chiefs and most of the members of the major tribes in the eastern halves of Oregon and Washington. For many days young Hazard sat close by his father, listening to the haggling and the speech-making as the Governor patiently persuaded the Indians to agree to peaceful settlement on reservations. The tension which was to flare up in war and massacre within the year³ was not hard to see; one of the chiefs attended each day's session seated on a grizzly-bear robe, with the teeth and claws pointed significantly at the Governor. Outnumbered some thirty to one, the white negotiators and soldiers remained watchful day and night. The defiant Cayuses even plotted to pounce upon the delegation and

¹ Hazard Stevens, *The Life of Isaac Ingalls Stevens* (Cambridge, 1901) I, 81.

² The Stevens survey report is printed in U. S. Senate, 33rd Con., 2nd sess., Sen. Exec. Doc. 78.

³ This uprising is detailed in Frances Fuller Victor, *Early Indian Wars of Oregon* (Salem, 1894).

slaughter them, a scheme that was balked only by the ever-friendly Nez Perce, who moved their tents into the Governor's camp as a warning to the Cayuses not to start anything.

With this fresh beginning, Stevens resumed arguing for acceptance of reservations, and for a general policy of peace, not only toward the whites and among all the local tribes, but including those to the east, even the feared and hated Blackfeet beyond the mountains. Just then the Nez Perce war chief, Looking Glass,⁴ rode in with his small band, waving two fresh Blackfoot scalps that had only recently been pried off the skulls of their owners. As the Nez Perce proceeded to spend an evening dancing around, and upon, these pitiful trophies, it occurred to the watching boy that much more would still have to be done in the interest of peace between these two peoples. Nevertheless, the Nez Perce continued most friendly to the Governor, and took the lead in putting through a tentative agreement to the reservation idea. They also undertook to guide him over the Bitter Root Mountains to the next council point, even to attend the meeting there and to help persuade the Flatheads to go onto a reservation and make peace with the tribes across the Divide. The Nez Perce guides led Stevens and his small party across the Coeur d'Alene Pass⁵ through deep snow to the St. Regis River, and down that stream to the flooding Clark Fork of the Columbia. The packmaster, in charge of the difficult transportation assignment, was Christopher P. Higgins, soon to return to the area and become a founder of the early western Montana towns of Hellgate and Missoula.

At Council Grove⁶ they found some 300 members of the three local tribes, the Flatheads from the Bitter Root Valley with the related Kootenays and Pend Oreilles from the Jocko and Mission country to the north. Later the Indian count rose to 1200. Spokesmen were quick to tell the Governor that their two-year-old peace with the Blackfeet was

proving an uneasy one, since twelve hunters had failed to return from hunts east of the Divide, and unnumbered horses had disappeared from right around camp. This suggested Blackfeet activity, and only with difficulty were the chiefs restraining their young men from retaliatory raids across the mountains. Stevens pointed out the need for a conclusive, top-level conference with the Blackfeet, but first he had to settle the matter of getting the local tribes onto reservations. As had been the case at Walla Walla, the chiefs were willing to accept the reservation idea, on the strength of promised salaries for themselves and various benefits for their people.⁷ But again, none was ready to leave his accustomed home land to join any other tribe, however friendly. The Governor finally agreed that Chief Victor and his Flatheads could keep the Bitter Root Valley, while the others stayed north toward Flathead Lake; the big point he was after was the vacating of the Clark Fork Valley, leaving it open for railroad building and white settlement.

Then turning to the matter of attendance at the Blackfeet Council, Stevens found them frankly afraid to travel openly into the region they had come to fear so deeply. Hoping to allay their worry by pointing out that some of the Nez Perce had come along with the idea of continuing to the Blackfeet meeting, he asked them if they did not see before them the Nez Perce chief, Eagle-From-the-Light? Yes, replied a Flathead, he saw him—the Blackfeet would see him too, and would “get his hair.” Despite this gloomy forecast, most of the western

⁴ This was the senior Looking Glass, aged 70, father of the chief of the same name who was prominent in the Nez Perce War of 1877.

⁵ Near present Lookout Pass, on the Idaho border west of Saltese.

⁶ One or two of the original trees still stand in this unmarked grove, some 7 miles west of Missoula on the old Frenchtown Road.

⁷ The negotiations are described in Albert J. Partoll, “The Flathead Indian Treaty Council,” *Pacific Northwest Quarterly*, July, 1938.

Indians agreed to be present when the next meeting assembled shortly at Fort Benton.

As the official cavalcade again set out, traveling up through Hellgate Canyon and along the Blackfoot River toward the Divide, young Hazard had occasion to note and admire the way his father and Packmaster Higgins managed the horses and mules. By intelligent loading, and keeping a close watch on every animal, they could maintain a rotation system so that no horse or mule broke down or became disabled from sores. The critters actually seemed to gain in condition as they moved on over the mountains, traveling fast with big loads, and fed only on the native grasses. Even the mounts of Pearson the courier kept up their strength, as this messenger flitted between the territorial capital at Olympia and Stevens' headquarters wherever that might be. Back in the Palouse country that had seemed a long enough trip, yet Pearson barely paused to turn around at each terminal. Now, topping the Continental Divide, Hazard and his older colleagues marveled more as this indomitable rider kept up his shuttle. Boy-like, the lad made heroes of many of the soldiers and mountain men, but none more

so than Pearson, in the brief glimpses he had of the courier. Within weeks, he himself was to emulate his idol in a daring ride in behalf of the expedition's main mission, but he could not suspect that now.

There was so much to see: his father hurrying ahead to sketch the map and scribble notes, still perfecting his report on this northern railroad route^a; the artist Gustave Sohon, drawing the group pictures and portraits that were to be the priceless only ones, letting us today look into the faces of Indian chiefs and of their white associates in these councils. Then soon something bigger, the crest of the Great Divide, and the endless plains stretching away to the east, reminding every sensitive eye that the ocean looked very much the same. They rode down into that sea, the Governor hurrying on ahead to reach Fort Benton and meet the officials who were expected from the East for the council. Leading

^a The pass they were approaching was Cadotte's, very near the present Rogers Pass on State Highway 20. No railroad has followed this part of the Stevens survey, and at this point he was even off the eventual route of the Mullan Road, which used a pass of the same name some distance to the south. Lt. Mullan was associated with Stevens in the survey, and his road grew out of this same undertaking.



Indian Horse Race, painted in 1848 among the Blackfeet by Paul Kane. In Royal Ontario Museum of Archeology, Canada.



Fort Walla Walla, where in 1855 Gov. Stevens assembled 3000 Indians from the major tribes of eastern Washington territory for a peace council which proved fruitless.

these was Alfred Cumming, Indian Superintendent for the Nebraska Territory, bringing supplies to sustain all hands during the sessions. He was also bringing abundant treaty goods, presents for the chiefs and a "down payment" on the materials to be furnished the tribes in return for their acceptance of the reservations and their adherence to the peace treaties. Everyone knew that without these goods there would be no council and no treaty. Arriving at Fort Benton, Stevens was dismayed to learn that Cumming and the boatload of goods were nowhere near and would not arrive for weeks. He stewed and fretted while the rest of his party caught up with him, and the reports came in that the Indians were gathering as scheduled in their respective camps, waiting to be called in to the council. At this point Stevens' problem was like that of a traffic director in an airport tower. Out at varying distances on different points of the compass were these Indian bands, having to keep moving because of the need for constant hunting to feed such a large number. He had to maintain contact with each of these mobile camps, sending encouraging reports to prevent their leaving, yet holding them at a sufficient distance from Fort Benton to avoid a concentration in the area. Many traditional enmities had flourished among these peoples, and the disposition toward friendliness and peace was a new and fragile thing. It could not be exposed to such incidents as would surely occur if the tribes converged too early and found themselves in competition for the limited hunting of the immediate zone around the post. When the boat would arrive with the food, then it

would be safe to call the tribes in, but not yet. So Stevens spread the tribes out, directing the western visitors to station themselves along the Musselshell, where a big camp gathered: the Flatheads, Pend Oreilles, Kootenays, Nez Perce and a few Snakes or Shoshones, all totaling some two thousand. In the same general area were two more camps, a small band of Piegiens and a large one of Gros Ventres. Stevens' riders reported that an abundance of buffalo along the Musselshell would permit this arrangement for a while. Out of it came one of the best results of the whole project. The people of the western tribes actually got acquainted with the folks from the other camps. They visited back and forth, and the kids played together while the men joined in hunting parties. They had known each other before only as total enemies, their contacts limited to horse-stealing forays and occasional vicious fights when they met. Now they were becoming friends. Hazard Stevens, accompanying the couriers to this area, went along on some of the combined hunts, and out of this acquaintance with the Gros Ventres came the chance for his climactic service to them and his own people.

Most of the other Blackfeet bands stayed north of the Missouri. They continued to express friendship for the western tribes, and interest in a comprehensive peace treaty, but Stevens was content to have them linger pretty far to the north, along the Milk River and beyond, to avoid any unfortunate clash with the visiting groups. As it was, these northern Blackfeet gave the Governor a few bad days, when four who came



An early picture of Crow Indians on their reservation south of the Yellowstone. Stevens' messengers rode far to get them to the council at the mouth of the Judith.

visiting at Fort Benton felt called upon to take a Pend Oreille horse apiece with them when they left. At Council Grove, the whole Flathead alliance had stipulated that their attendance at Fort Benton was conditional upon Stevens' assurance that their horses, as well as their hair, would be safe from the Blackfeet. He had told them, in terms they understood, that "when you pull in your rope in the morning, your horse will still be at the end of it." Now there were four ropes without horses, and the aggrieved Pend Oreilles saying in sign language, "I told you so" as they tentatively packed up to go home. Stevens acted with characteristic vigor, sending a prominent Blackfeet chief, Little Dog, along with his own secretary, James Doty, in search of the thieves. The chase was a long one, clear up into the valley of the Bow River in Canada, but the posse came back with all four horses, an additional one given as indemnity, and profuse apologies from the chief of the offending band, that his young men had so misbehaved. In justice to these young disturbers of the international peace, it should be pointed out that when the chiefs assured Stevens in 1853 that there would be no more horse-stealing or other raids against the western tribes, they were making a big promise. For it was the long-standing tradition among the maidens of the Blackfeet tribes that their smiles were reserved for the young bucks who came back with the horses and scalps of their enemies; no trophies, no loving. The agreements of the chiefs with Stevens had not provided for any substitute procedure whereby the boys could win the favor of their

girls, and the ban on raids against the neighbors must have had serious sociological effects during the two years of its application. Such were the ramifications of treaty-making in those days.

The waiting now ran into weeks, and it was becoming a problem to find food for the Stevens party and the few delegates from each tribe who stayed at Fort Benton. They rummaged around in an old shed and came up with two sacks of pemmican, remnants of supplies left by the survey party two years before. It had to be chopped out with an ax, but once more the noted frontier food lived up to its reputation for durable nutritive power. The cooks supplemented it with scraps of old dried buffalo meat from the supply room of the trading post, pieces that were too unattractive to be picked up by anyone foraging there in the past few years. For occasional fresh meat, Stevens sent hunters down the river to bag a few big-horn sheep around the rocks now known as Eagle Butte and Ship Rock. Once he sent a squad of men to the Gros Ventre camp, with young Hazard going along, for a supply of fresh buffalo meat.

Hearing at last that Commissioner Cumming had left the steamboat⁹ and was coming on overland, Stevens went to meet him and was again shaken to learn of the arrangements that had been made. The steamboat had run out of water at Fort Union and the trade goods

⁹ The *St. Mary* was built in 1854, and one-half owned by her operators, the American Fur Company; her captain, Joseph LaBarge, held a one-fourth interest. Hiram M. Chittenden, *History of Early Steamboat Navigation on the Missouri River* (New York, 1903).

and food had been transferred to a pair of keelboats which crews of men were now dragging up the remaining hundreds of river miles, wading and walking along the banks.¹⁰ Summer was already turning to autumn, the creeks were starting to dry up, and the bison moving off their summer ranges. Stevens grew frantic as he thought of the time it would take to pull the keelboats up to Fort Benton. Obviously the big Indian camps could not be held that long where they were, and reluctantly he directed them to move out as necessary in following the buffalo. Move they did, the Nez Perce over onto the Yellowstone, the Crows still further down on that stream, the Gros Ventres up onto the Milk River. Now the problem of keeping in touch became really severe, as these camps spread over an area with a radius of some 200 miles. The chiefs were eager for the meeting, their people were patient and co-operative, but there was a limit. With winter not far away on these high plains, the food supply precarious, and peace among the Indians hanging only on the most informal friendships among them, it would have been easy to lose the whole summer's gains. Stevens made messengers of all his reliable hands, Higgins the packmaster, Doty the secretary, Delaware Jim the Nez Perce-speaking interpreter. They all rode long and hard, back and forth between and among the various camps, telling the chiefs that the council would be called very soon, and returning to inform Stevens that "it had better be." The riders who were keeping tab on the boats came in to say that they would never make it before winter. Stevens decided to put all the most important goods into one boat, give it a double crew, and try to force it up the river fast enough to beat the weather. Cumming, none too co-operative, refused to approve this plan, and after all they were his boats, crews and cargoes. This was Nebraska Territory, and while Cumming was not a governor, he was in his own jurisdiction as Indian Superintendent, and Stevens was not.

One move remained for Stevens, and he made it. On October 5 he announced that the conference site would be moved down the river to meet the boats, at the mouth of Judith River some 70 miles below Fort Benton. Now there had to be action, to notify all the out-lying camps so they could move in or at least send representatives. Now the riders were really sent flying, to intercept the toiling boat crews and stop them at the Judith, to tell the Nez Perce and Crows on the Yellowstone, to call in the Snakes if they could be found in the mountains still further to the south, and the Blackfeet bands waiting north of the Missouri. The big Blackfeet camp, nearest to Fort Benton, decided not to move but to be represented by their chiefs and a delegation. Luckily, the Flatheads were already near the council site, in the heavy groves of cottonwood where the Judith flows into the big river.¹¹

Stevens found men to send to each of the points he had to reach,¹² until he ran out of messengers as one band of Indians remained to be notified—the Gros Ventres, 75 miles away on the Milk River. We may wonder if he didn't plan it that way. He knew that his boy had hunted and visited with that tribe during the summer chase after buffalo, and now he turned to him as the one to ride fast and surely to carry the word to the distant camp. Hazard set out about 10 o'clock in the morning, accompanied by Legare the interpreter, and at three-thirty the next afternoon was back to assure his father that the Gros Ventres had the message and would attend the council.

¹⁰ The keelboats were taken in charge by Andrew Dawson, who was relieving Major Alexander Culbertson in charge at Fort Benton. James H. Bradley, "Affairs at Fort Benton," *Montana Historical Society Contributions*, 1900, III, 272.

¹¹ This was already an historic spot, the site of Fort F. A. C. built in 1842 by F. A. Chardon for the American Fur Co. and soon abandoned. A ferry serving the road between Lewistown and Big Sandy now operates nearby.

¹² Bradley, *op. cit.*, credits Maj. Culbertson with organizing this messenger service, but evidence seems to favor the Stevens version.



It is entirely possible that all or some of these Crow braves participated in the October council at the Mouth of the Judith River called by Governor Stevens, since this is one of the earliest known photographs of members of the Crow Tribe.

The boy had not the slightest adventure to relate in connection with the episode, and therein lies its significant element. That stretch of prairie was in country that had been bad for white travelers since Meriwether Lewis had ridden desperately for the river after his clash with the Blackfeet in 1806. The north bank of the Missouri had been off-limits to solitary traders and trappers, and woodcutters went ashore there at their own peril, in Blackfoot country. Yet this teen-ager and his one companion made the round trip from Fort Benton to Havre quite casually, riding fast more because of their urgent errand than out of fear or haste to get back safely. It was a great peace that had dawned over these prairies, when men recognized that constant war was getting them nothing but the quick and certain destruction of their own people. The white man's rifle, now available to both sides in any Indian war, was the hydrogen bomb that made peace seem worth talking about and trying out.

Yet this was a risky trip through a wild country, for a kid of that age, accompanied only by the interpreter. The

Governor could not have had too high an opinion of Legare, else he would have sent him with the message; so we must consider that the boy was on his own as far as responsibility for the errand was concerned. In his own memoir of the event, Hazard Stevens says nothing about the details of delivering the message. Apparently he and the Gros Ventres were such friends that they welcomed him, listened to his news, put him up for the night, and saw him off early next morning with a "see you later." The final climax of the story of Hazard's ride was to come on the morning of October 13, when the Gros Ventres rode in and pitched camp exactly at the time and place recommended by the Governor.

The other riders also came back with reports of general compliance with the new plans, but the evil results of the long delay were plain to see in a few cases. The couriers to the Crows and Snakes returned only to say that these tribes had already gone too far south to be reached; a little earlier, and delegations from both could have attended the council. The Nez Perce were too far



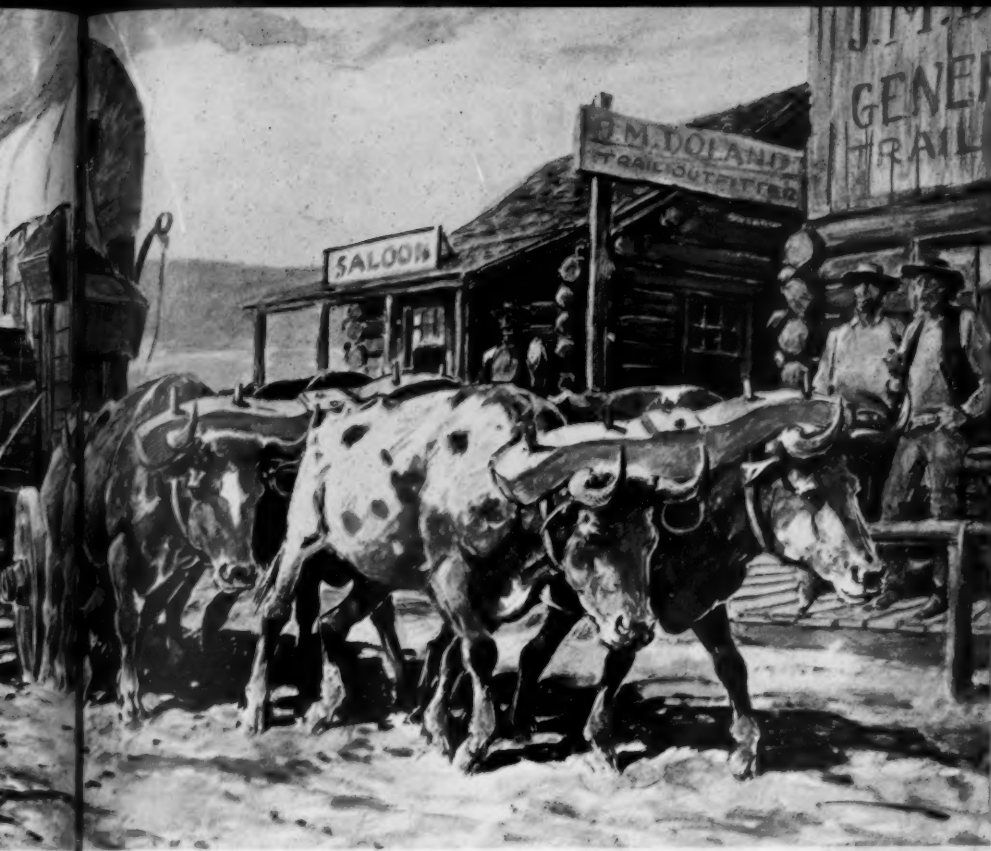
When the great gathering of Nez Perce, Flatheads, Blackfeet, Gros Ventre, Crow and other lesser tribes got under way October 16, 1855—through the tremendous efforts of Governor Stevens, with the remarkable assist from his 13-year-old son—and the major tribes accepted the principal of individual reservations and hunting grounds, it provided a diminution of Indian warfare which did much to ease

away on the Yellowstone to make the trip, but their chiefs had remained with the Flatheads on the Judith to guard against such a development, so the far western tribe was adequately represented. Eagle-From-the-Light sat there, right among the Blackfeet—they saw him, but they did not get his hair.

The long-delayed council got underway on October 16, late in the season for people to be sitting around outdoors on blankets and robes spread on the ground. Possibly the pressure of impending winter helped to hasten the deliberations, for the work of the council went along smoothly. Stevens read a draft of the proposed treaty, and after a minimum of discussion, the various chiefs signed it. Besides a general stipulation of perpetual peace among the tribes concerned, toward one another and also toward the

absent Crows, Crees, Snakes and the John Does and Richard Roes of the Indian community, the main provision was that concerning land, reservations and hunting territory. The Blackfeet accepted a reservation north and west of the Missouri, and the great wedge of land between that stream and the Yellowstone was declared a common hunting ground for all the tribes.

The treaty marked the end of warfare among the Indians, and just in time. Within a few years a rush of settlement was to come, with people pouring up the river and across the overland routes into Montana. Had the Blackfeet still been hostile, and all the tribes been fighting among themselves, there would have been incalculable trouble for these immigrants. The peace was broken only when the whites infringed on the reser-



ther less encourage a later rush of white settlement in the territory. The commercial hub of the region, Fort Ben-
 ns, with its location, was in favorable position to reap the rich harvest of river boat merchandise, hauled by ox train
 individuals to distant settlements. Seven years later, with the discovery of gold to the south, it speeded the mush-
 room growth of the roaring gold camps.

vations and the hunting grounds, and this was not until the 'seventies, after years of quiet.

In the last days of the council, as the agreements were being drawn up and signed, young Hazard was treated to still more impressions which he would never forget. Late each evening his father would preside over a feast of roasted buffalo, while his guests, the official party and some of the chiefs, listened to the tales of Delaware Jim and the other mountain men. In his memoirs written 45 years later, the younger Stevens describes the picture as they sat gnawing on yard-long ribs of buffalo, with a side-dish of flapjacks and sugar syrup, listening to stories of bear hunts and Indian battles. In the background was the sound of singing from the camp of the boatmen, some 100 young Germans enjoying a

party of their own, with roaring songs of their homeland.

But the work was soon done, and the council broke up. The Indians hurried back to their camps and made ready to move to their wintering grounds. The Stevens party started back to Olympia. There was to be no early end to adventure for young Hazard, as they rode into and through a raging Indian war in the country west of the Bitter Roots. A few years later came his service in the Union Army, in which at 21 he became its youngest general. His father was to die in the battle of Chantilly in 1862, ironically losing his life in civil war among his own people, who had not yet learned what he and his son had so successfully taught to the Indians of Montana.

[THE END]

THE ROBINHOODING OF SAM BASS

BY J. FRANK DOBIE



Ramon F. Adams' definitive bibliography of books and pamphlets on Western gunmen and outlaws, *SIX GUNS & SADDLE LEATHER*, accords Sam Bass the honor (or dishonor) of more than 100 citations. Only the James Brothers and Billy the Kid appear to outdo him as one of the most-written-of-desperadoes. And he runs ahead of or even with Calamity Jane, Joe Slade and Henry Plummer, whose antics touched strongly on Montana soil; and with such other fast-drawin' gents as Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp, Joaquin Murietta and Cole and Bob Younger.

In July, 1978, it will be a hundred years since Sam Bass, at the age of twenty-seven, met his fate at Round Rock, where he and his gang were preparing to rob a bank. He remains the best known of all Texas bad men and the best liked. While he was dying he said to inquisitors of the law, "It's agin my profession to blow on my pals. If a man knows anything he ought to die with it in him." So far as the records go, he never killed anybody until the end.

A deputy sheriff named Caige Grimes walked up to Sam Bass in a store at Round Rock and asked him for his pistol.

"I'll let you have both of them," Sam Bass said.

Before the deputy could draw he was dead. He left three little children. They and their descendants have never regarded Sam Bass as a knight of goodness and generosity. The people in stage

coaches and trains that he robbed did not knight him either. It has never been the victims who made sympathetic songs about outlaws. Stories about Sam Bass by people of adverse feelings seem not to persist. What people like to believe does.

As the ballad goes, "a kinder hearted feller you seldom ever see." What follows here is mostly anecdotes by people who liked Sam Bass. They, more than biographies, have kept Sam's name green; they and that ballad—swifter and vider in detail than any ballad about any other frontier notable.

Sam Bass had been in Texas only six years when rangers killed him. He had been an outlaw on the dodge only ten months. He had spent most of the time around Denton, specializing in horse-racing.

Sam used to coin the money, he spent it just as free;

He always drank good whiskey wherever he might be.

In the spring of 1877 he rode down to San Antonio and threw in with Joel Collins. They bought a small herd of cattle

Few men have researched on things Western with deeper sensitivity, more infinite care and comprehension and then wrapped it all up with delightfully vivid and pungent prose than has J. Frank Dobie, the Texas sage. A few of his fine books are *CORONADO'S CHILDREN*, *TONGUES OF THE MONTE*, *THE LONGHORNS*, *THE MUSTANGS*, *VOICE OF THE COYOTE* and one yet to be finished and published, which intrigues us deeply, on C. M. Russell. Mr. Dobie is Southwest regional editor for this magazine.

One of the great Western storytellers spins fact and legend into a revealing human document about a famous Bad Man of the Old West.

on credit, drove them up the trail, and somewhere north of Dodge City sold out for cash. They soon spent all the money in riotous living and then got their names on the map by robbing, in Nebraska, a Union Pacific express train carrying California gold. Each of six robbers took \$10,000 in freshly minted twenty-dollar gold pieces. They split up and

Sam made it back to Texas, all right side up with care,

Rode into the town of Denton with all his friends to share.

In the months following his reputation for light-hearted generosity began to grow into legend. Now he had something to be generous with—something that did not belong to him. He and his followers made a few poor-paying train holdups in north Texas. He tipped the porters and brakemen—so people said. The rangers were after him; the people were for him. He had not been robbing people—unless they happened to be on board a train he stopped. He had been robbing corporations. Going into a town to buy supplies became increasingly risky. He was on the dodge, covering lots of country; he had to take, and when he took he put those twenty-dollar gold pieces into circulation.

Sometimes Sam was sorely pressed for grain for his horses and food for his men. One morning a farmer named Hoffman missed some shelled corn out of his crib. It has been carried off in a sack with a little hole in it. Hoffman trailed the grains until he saw he was approaching a camp known to be occupied by the Bass gang. He turned back home. A few days later Bass saw him, and, handing him a twenty-dollar gold piece, explained, "I had to have some corn in a hurry the other night."

One morning a woman on a farm on Elm Creek was alone in the house when Bass and his men rode up.

"Do you have anything cooked?" Sam asked.

"No."

"Well, we are terribly hungry. We haven't eaten anything for some time. Would you cook us a snack?"

"Nobody ever left this place hungry yet," the woman said.

She flew in and cooked a big bait of biscuits, eggs, bacon, and coffee, to which were added butter and molasses. After eating heartily, Sam Bass, hat off, asked, "How much do we owe you?"

"Nothing."

"Many thanks. Let's ride, boys." But as Sam passed out, he placed two twenty-dollar gold pieces in the farm woman's hand.



Since Montana had no Texas rangers, the early gold miners took the law in their own hands, in what was called "vigilante justice", to cope with outlaws. Here, Hangman's Tree in Last Chance Gulch holds two desperadoes.



Not on a par with Sam Bass, but a frightful femme in her own right was Calamity Jane. An early resident of Billings, Dr. W. A. Allen claimed that he took this photograph of "Calamity" in the old Central Montana gold camp of Giltedge.

In 1927, the proprietor of an ancient-looking plank hotel at Van Horn was an old-time Texan named Jackson from Denton County. He was a great admirer of Sam Bass, and one winter night while he and I and Asa Jones sat by the wood stove that warmed the hotel lobby he regaled us with stories of the daring good outlaw. Sam, he said, was sandy-haired, kept a sandy moustache well-trained, and habitually wore a grin that showed sandy-hued teeth. He was good nature itself.

One time Jackson, then just a kid, and his small brother were carrying a bucket of water apiece from the well to their house when they were overtaken by Sam Bass and his crowd. "Give us a drink, kids," Sam said. The boys had a gourd, and they proudly ladled out water. Bass noticed that Jackson's brother was crippled with rheumatism, and as he started to ride away he pitched the cripple four silver dollars. He was headed toward a neck of woods.

He had hardly got out of sight when a posse of law-bringers led by Riley Wetsel came fogging up. "Clear out, kids," Riley yelled. "There's going to be a battle." Of course the kids did not clear out. A battle was what they wanted above all else. They climbed up on a stake-and-rider fence to watch half the law-bringers go on one side of the neck of woods and half on the other, both parties shooting into the woods. One of the crossfire bullets hit Riley in the leg. He thought Sam Bass had killed him, but by that time Sam was far away.

Sam Bass was a fool about good horses. One time rangers raided a little pasture where the fine horses belonging to the outlaw gang were kept. For several days the rangers paraded those horses around, keeping them in a livery stable at night. The stable was across the road from where the Jacksons lived.

"I woke up one morning hearing voices," Jackson said. "I thought I recognized Kid McCoy's. He was one of the Bass men and rode the best looking horse in the outfit. I ran to the window and peeped out. The livery doors were wide open and there Sam Bass, Kid McCoy and other men were pulling saddles off some little, sorry ponies and saddling up their own horses. It did not take them long to change. Then they came out of the stable yard hellety-split, yelling like Comanches and emptying their sixshooters into the air. Shirt tails were dodging behind every door in town. My father was a very quiet religious man—never even said *dog gone*. 'My, those boys are making a great disturbance,' he said."

If Sam Bass never killed a man, it wasn't because he could not shoot. While galloping by a live oak tree near Belton, they say,* he sixshootered his initials into it. A vendor of mounted horns from old-time Texas steers named Bertillion used to sell at fancy prices pairs of long-horns purported to be from steers that Sam Bass had shot down in night stampedes.

"One day," Shelton Story of Denton County used to remember, "a neighbor who had butchered a fat cow said he'd give me a dollar to carry a hind quarter

*An example of what Frost Woodhull called "folklore shooting." See his essay on that subject in PUBLICATIONS No. 9 of the Texas Folklore Society, 1931.

The cow hand's drinking partner, center, is also claimed by Dr. Allen to be of the raw-hide tough Calamity Jane, from another photo taken at Gilt-edge before the turn of the century. Both photographs are from the files of the Montana Historical Society.

to a certain spot in the Denton Creek bottom, deliver it to men camped there, and ask no questions. The meat was wrapped in an old slicker and I tied it behind my saddle. That saddle was the first new saddle I ever owned. The skirts were fancy stamped; it had long strings of tanned elkhide, and its creaking sounded sweeter to me than waltz music.

"Along in the middle of the afternoon I found the camp. Four men were there, all wearing sixshooters. I said I'd come to bring some meat. One asked me if Pete Lenoir had sent it. I said he had. 'Well, get down, kid, and stay a while,' this man said. I didn't want to stay but got down to untie the old slicker.

"After I had delivered the beef, the man said, 'That's sure a fine saddle you're riding.'

"I agreed with him and was prouder than ever. Then he said, 'Kid, how about trading your saddle for mine?'

"I looked over at the old hull he pointed to. I looked at the six-shooters he and the other men were loaded down with and the saddle guns laying around in easy reach. I didn't have any say coming, and I didn't say anything.

"After the saddles were changed, this man asked, 'Do you know who I am?'

"No."

"Well, I'm Sam Bass."

"I left with a heavy heart. I wasn't scared so much as I was just down at having lost my fine new saddle. If it had been left up to me, I'd not have put the old hull on my horse. I'd left bareback. Sam Bass put his old saddle on my horse and girted it up himself. The leather on it was fair and it had good saddle pockets, but it was coming apart. I felt I had been taken advantage of by the meanest, low-downest man in Texas.



"I rode on home. When I got down, I yanked that saddle off and threw it on the ground like I was trying to split the tree. When I did, I heard metal clink. I looked in a saddle pocket to see what it was. It was three twenty-dollar gold pieces; in the other pocket were three other pieces. Well, I bought a rig sure enough with all that money—new saddle, silver plated bit and spurs, Navajo blanket, fancy boots and leggins, everything."

In the spring of 1878 a youth named Chunk Porter was clerking in a drygoods store owned by a Mr. Cates in the little town of Kaufman. Early one morning, as he told hundreds of times in later years and as his descendants and others still tell, he had just opened the store and was sweeping the plank sidewalk in front of it when three strangers rode up on good horses. Two got down and walked into the store; the other remained mounted, looking up and down the roads. Chunk was alone at the store that day, his employer being sick in bed at home.

One of the strangers, pleasant-featured and pleasant-voiced, said he wanted to buy a suit of clothes. Chunk was able to fit him with the best grade of wool in stock. The purchaser handed over two twenty-dollar gold pieces and said he would put the new suit on now. Chunk went to the safe, which he had not yet opened, for change. After he had worked the combination, opened the door and pulled out a tray full of money, he became aware of the man in the new suit standing at his side.



WHICH MAN IS THE FRONTIER GUNFIGHTER? Two of these mustachioed, heavily armed, buckskin-clad frontiersmen, were actually respectable, cultured businessmen of Virginia City, Montana, when the lens caught them in 1864. They are the Ming boys, John (right) and James (left). Apparently these were gag poses. But the stern knife-toter, center, was the real McCoy—Wild Bill Hickok.

"Son," the man said, "that is a good deal of money."

Chunk explained that the town had no bank, that their cash had to be sent by stage or taken in person to Terrell for banking, and that the illness of his employer had prevented his attending to that matter. The stranger advised him not to let everybody who came along see how much money the safe held, and then rode away. After Sam Bass was killed in Round Rock the clothes he wore were identified as having come from the Cates drygoods store in Kaufman.

Railroads, express companies, and the governor of Texas all offered rewards for the capture of Sam Bass, and these offers induced some citizens to join sheriff posses out to get the money. They were all fiascos. While the Sam Bass gang was dodging about the breaks on the Clear Fork of the Brazos in Stephens County, the sheriff set about organizing a posse. A settler named Hide who was proving up a section of land decided he'd join it and rode to the Caddo store to enlist another brave or two to go with him.

As he was dismounting with his artillery, a man carrying a sack of provisions from the store asked him where he was going.

"I'm going to hunt down Sam Bass," the settler replied.

"Then you don't need to go any farther. You've found him," the stranger said. "What are you going to do with him?"

"Nothing, I guess," Hide answered. There didn't seem to be anything else to say.

"How many children you got?" Sam Bass asked.

Hide told him. He had a big litter.

Sam went back into the store and brought out a dozen apples, a lot of candy, and a package of Arbuckle's coffee. "Take the candy and apples home to your children," he said. "When you get there make yourself a big pot of coffee and never tell a soul you have seen Sam Bass."

Hide waited thirty years to tell this story, he said.

One night soon after a train robbery by the Bass gang in the vicinity of Dallas, a deputy sheriff named Boyd from Denton County and several citizens ambitious for reward money were in a saloon at Pilot Point. None of the posse knew Sam Bass by sight, but they were full of plans for capturing him. Presently a stranger in the usual garb of range men walked in, glanced over the crowd, moved to the bar, and invited everybody up for a drink. Everybody accepted. After the stranger downed his whiskey he took a seat at a long table at the rear end of

the room, his back to the wall and to one side of an open window. He asked for coffee and bread. Several of the men sat down at the table also, ordering coffee, Boyd opposite him.

The talk naturally drifted to the recent train robbery. Not in the least reticent, the stranger revealed a marked familiarity with circumstances attending it. Boyd was growing suspicious, but the stranger remained drawlingly calm. When the coffee came, he stirred his slowly and then asked Boyd to pass the plate of bread. Boyd was by now flustered. He seemed to feel that some action was expected of him as a peace officer. He paid no attention to the request. Rising, the stranger pulled his sixshooter, fired a bullet into the plate, scattering its contents over Boyd's lap. Then he stepped through the window. By the time the deputy and his posse got outside, Sam Bass had disappeared into the night. The country had another joke at the expense of Sam Bass hunters.

Most people who met Sam—and some who didn't—told of their encounters with pride. In one town that Sam had entered to buy ammunition he saw a sheriff and dodged into a dressmaker's shop. She had a mountain of ruffles on the floor; in those days every dress was trimmed with yards and yards of ruffles. The dressmaker, recognizing Sam Bass, told him to get under the ruffles. He did. The sheriff came in and saw nothing that interested him. When she was a grandmother, the dressmaker used to end her story by saying, "Lots of folks loved Sam."

A peddler and auctioneer named Samuels didn't, but even he harbored no hard feelings. One time he and his teamsters driving three wagonloads of merchandise to be auctioned off in Denton, had made camp when Sam Bass's company rode up. Bass introduced himself by name and asked if the merchant had any whiskey.

"We only have five gallons," Samuels told him.

"Well," Sam said, "we don't want to swim in it. All we want is a little to drink. Five gallons will satisfy us."

The Bass men made camp, put out a guard, helped themselves to food as well as whiskey, played poker a while, slept, and next morning breakfasted with their hosts. At parting Sam Bass was more than gracious in expressing appreciation for hospitality. "You'll probably see some rangers this morning," he said. "When you do, tell 'em which way I went."

A few weeks before Sam's betrayal and death, a well-armed rider dismounted in front of Dr. Isaac Mayfield's little office in the village of Deanville, away east of the Bass gang's usual range. Young Doctor Mayfield was fresh out of medical school and eager for practice. His horse, saddled and bearing saddlebags loaded with a country doctor's full equipment, stood at the hitching post. The stranger said the doctor would have to make a considerable ride to get to a sick man. What kind of sickness, the doctor wanted to know.

"You'll see when you get there."

The stranger led over what passed for a road for about ten miles west and south to Yegua Creek, and then along a dim trail into the Yegua Thicket, still noted for the dense growth of youpon and other shrubs and trees. Then they came to a camp that had apparently been occupied for several days. Eight men were visible. Their leader did not give his name. He told the doctor that one of the men had a wounded leg. He lay on a pallet of blanket-covered moss.

The doctor uncovered him and saw that he had been shot through the fleshy part of the thigh and that gangrene was setting in. He called for a pot of boiling water. It was soon brought. He washed the bullet hole at entrance and exit and applied an antiseptic. Then he told the leader that he must probe in order to remove pus and needed some clean cloth. The leader went to his pack and brought several plain silk handkerchiefs, new and clean. The doctor had no narcotics to give the wounded man; anaesthetics



Along with Calamity Jane, the Curry boys, Long George, Henry Plummer and Joe Slade, Montana boasted a female outlaw known as "Bertie" Miller. In the 1890's she terrorized the region around Helena, working with a gunman by the name of Clark; but unlike Sam Bass, they showed no inclination toward "robinhooding".

were then unknown. "This is going to hurt," he said. "You all will have to hold him."

The men were all standing around, back out of the way. The leader said, "Boys, those new silk handkerchiefs are going to be pulled through the bullet hole, hurt or no hurt. Now let a man get to each leg and arm and one to his head and hold him steady. No matter how much he hollers, hold him till the doctor says quit."

Five men stretched out the wounded man while the doctor ran the silk handkerchiefs through the bullet hole. The sun was low when he finished. He said that he would stay through the night if there were anything more he could do but there wasn't. He would return if called. Now he had better ride in order to get through the Yegua bottom before dark. The leader asked how much he owed.

"I guess ten dollars will cover the bill," the doctor said.

The leader handed him a twenty-dollar gold piece, adding, "Doctor, I would be obliged if you'll not mention this day's work, where you have been, or what you have seen."

The doctor replied, "My patients and practice are private, and I make it a point to keep my mouth shut on personal matters."

He rode away, and as there was no further word he presumed that the wounded man got well. He had concluded that the leader was Sam Bass; descriptions in the papers following the killing at Round Rock confirmed the opinion. He believed in law and order and was against robbers, but had a sympathy for hunted Sam Bass.

Almost immediately after news raced over the country that Sam Bass had been betrayed to the rangers by one of his own men named Jim Murphy and killed, the ballad of Sam Bass came into existence. Nobody knows who composed it. In years that followed, millions of long-horns were soothed on their bedgrounds and steadied on their long, slow trailing by the strains of the song. One line in particular expresses the sympathies of the singers:

*Oh, what a scorching Jim will get
when Gabriel blows his horn.*

Relic pirates went to chipping away the headstone that had been put up at Sam's grave in the Round Rock graveyard. Meanwhile, according to a minor legend, Sam Bass, like Billy the Kid, Jesse James, Bill Longley and many another outlaw, was not in his proper grave at all. There is no boundary to human credulity. Shelton Story, who as a boy found six twenty-dollar gold pieces in the pockets of Sam Bass's discarded saddle, so developed his power of memory that he got to recollecting this end to his hero:

"Not many days after the Round Rock trouble, I took the T. and P. train at Eagle Ford to go to Fort Worth. The



minute I stepped inside the coach I noticed a man hunkered over in a seat by himself like he was sick. I took a close look and recognized Sam Bass. He was sick all right. In fact, he was dying from his wounds. I didn't say nothing. He didn't say nothing neither—not there on the train. When we got to Fort Worth I put him in a hack and drove him to a house out towards Grapevine—a house where we both knew he'd be safe. Blood poison had set in. He lived only two days. We buried him decently, and nobody will ever rob that grave. The man buried at Round Rock was just one of the gang. While he was dying he pretended to be Sam Bass in order to protect his leader."

No tales are more persistent than those about treasure Sam Bass is supposed to have hidden. If he did not bury his loot, what did he do with all of it? The records, I believe, don't show that he ever went to Llano County. Just the same, a big jag of Sam Bass gold wrapped in a canvas mailsack branded US was buried out there, they say.

Many years ago, a ranchman hired three Mexicans to cut cedar pickets on one side of Packsaddle Mountain. He camped them and left. It rained, and it was two or three days before he came back. Camp was deserted. He could not understand why the Mexicans would

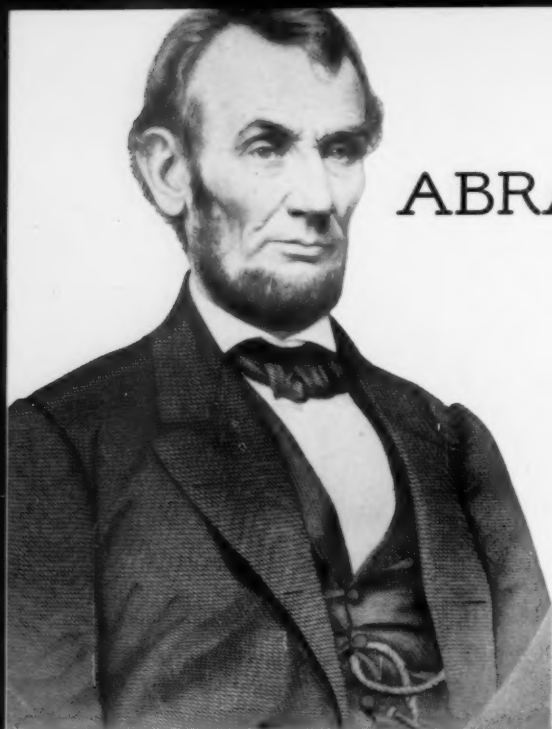
leave without getting their wages. He began looking around. The rain made sign easy to read. He found where six pickets—exactly six—had been cut and leaned up against a cliff. Two of them, as he read the sign, had pushed their way through a very thin wall into a small cave. Just inside the cave he found a piece of an old mail sack, the U. S. brand still visible on it, prints of coins showing on it too. The Mexicans had taken the gold and lit a shuck.

There are plenty of other caves, especially in the Round Rock country, where Sam Bass's loot has not yet been found. There are still plenty of people who have a personal feeling for the character when they sing,

*Sam first came out to Texas, a cowboy
for to be
A kinder hearted feller you seldom
ever see.*

A millionaire can buy propaganda agents, a king can knight, a president can decorate, a pope can decree sainthood, but nobody but just folks can robinhood an outlaw. In order to get robinhooded, the outlaw must, like Jesse James in the song, be "a friend to the poor;" he must be daring and gay; he must be merciful of life.

[THE END]



ABRAHAM LINCOLN and MONTANA TERRITORY

By Carl McFarland

Lincoln from an excellent photograph presented to the State Historical Society in 1949 by Elizabeth Elliott of LaSalle, Ill.

I.

In Montana we are prone to assume that Lincoln's hand was as far away from us as his shrines are now—in Illinois where his neighbors lived and he is buried, or in the District of Columbia where he performed his greatest work for us and is portrayed in heroic statuary. But Abraham Lincoln touched Montana often—by what he did for the Union, for the West, and for this territory.

What he did for this land is obscured by a trick of fate. The plains and mountains of Montana, until Lincoln's pen made it otherwise, were known by other place names. East of the mountains it was first, and nominally, part of the Territory of Indiana, then of Louisiana, then of Missouri, then of Nebraska, then of Dakota, and then of Idaho. West of the mountains it was no-man's land until after Lincoln finished his term in the Illinois legislature in 1842; then it was Oregon, Washington, and finally Idaho territory. Our history books are full of those names, about deeds and controversies and men and events in or about

the Land of Shining Mountains, great plains, and mighty rivers.

We in Montana are also given to assuming that the great contest over slavery, and the bitter war by which that contest was settled, touched us not. There are many who seem to assume that this state sprang into being entirely apart from the seamless web of American history.

But this was no forgotten land. Abraham Lincoln did not forget it. He knew it was like the Kentucky and Indiana of his boyhood. He knew that it was a prized possession of the Union he fought to save. He knew that it was a vital link in the continental destiny of the United States; and his great, dark eyes surely saw the world destiny which we sometimes nowadays find so uncomfortable.

II.

Abraham Lincoln became President with the Union crumbling in almost every direction. Although military disaster was all about him as the year 1862 neared its end, he told Congress in his annual message that practically all of the territories of the West would "soon be in a condition to be organized as States and be constitutionally admitted into the

Even with the great threat of Civil War weighing heavily, this great President found time to help the West.

Federal Union." He urged the exploration and development of mineral resources here "to improve the revenues of the government, and diminish the burdens of the people." Thus he suspected that this was a Treasure State even before the miners found it so.

Toward the end of 1863 when the tide of war began to turn, he returned to the subject in his message. He asked that the public lands of the Great West be used to encourage settlement rather than for revenue. Again he suggested "re-modeling our Indian system." Once more he called attention to mineral resources as "far richer than has been heretofore understood." And he commended land grants to railroads in order to "multiply the facilities for reaching our distant possessions." The latter point was embodied in the platform on which he ran for re-election.

In his last annual message, before the assassin cut him down, he regretted that Montana Territory had been only partially organized because of the interruption of communications by Indian hostilities. He was confident, however, that those difficulties would be speedily surmounted.

You may say that here the hand of Lincoln was far away. And so it was. But he was thinking about our predecessors here, and he was looking ahead to the time when the interest, thoughtfulness, and concern of the Chief Executive of the United States were most essential to the new Territory of Montana. He signed laws for surveying the territory; for the care of the Indian tribes including the Blackfeet and the Flatheads; for the protection of the land and water routes and post roads via Fort Benton, Bannack,

Hellgate, the Gallatin, and Virginia City; and for the building of the Northern Pacific Railroad. He took time out from the concerns of war and diplomacy to appoint a governor, secretary, judges, law officers, and land officers for the Territory. How simple it would have been for him, and how typical of other men, to say, "Wait. We have a war on our hands. Montana can come later."



This enlargement is from an original photograph owned by N. P. Langford, who presented a copy to the Montana Historical Library in 1909.



Southern sympathizers were so numerous in Montana Territory during the early 1860's gold rush that they openly taunted the federal officials appointed by President Lincoln. They named this rich placer area near Helena, Confederate Gulch.

Still, you may say, those things were not far from ordinary. What share did Montana receive in the rewards of his great struggle? It should be enough that the Union, which now includes the State of Montana, was saved to us. But that is not all.

III.

The real spirit of Abraham Lincoln touched men here in his time. Even the matter of the color of men's skins became important in the creation of Montana Territory. So many of us have been spared the bitter traditions of slavery and Civil War that those things are somewhat unreal, just words about which we know brother fought against brother in a conflict as tragic as it now seems unnecessary.

When the United States Constitution was framed, it provided that the slave trade should cease in 1808. Hence Lincoln should have been born, in 1809, in a country in which slavery was disappearing. But the bootlegging of slaves into the country was a sinister business when he was admitted to the legal pro-

fession. The laws for the return of runaway slaves from their havens in the North to their masters in the South were as difficult to enforce as the Prohibition laws of our own times. Whenever a runaway was caught, a mob was likely to deliver him from the jail in which he was held awaiting transportation. Whenever the federal law officers tried to catch the slave traders in the South, juries refused to convict.

The Western territories were a political football in the slavery controversy. The admission of new states, and hence the westward movement of settlers, were deterred by maneuvers in the United States Senate to preserve a balance of slave and free states so that the members of that body, being equal from each state, could not take decisive action against slavery. New states had to come into the Union sometime. Whether they would be slave states or free states depended on whether the first settlers, before statehood, could bring slaves into the territories; if they could, property in slaves would inevitably be recognized as states were formed; and if they could not, the spirit of liberty, so fierce on the frontier, was almost surely to lead to free statehood.

Only a few years before the discovery of gold brought numbers of people here to Montana, the Supreme Court of the

Dr. Carl McFarland is the able President of Montana State University, his alma mater, to which he returned almost five years ago, having earned during 1924 to 1930, two degrees in law and a master in political science. He also holds a doctor of juridical science degree from Harvard and an honorary doctor of laws from MSU. During many years in Washington, D.C., both in high governmental positions and in private practice, Dr. McFarland gained a national reputation as an administrator and lawyer. It is a pleasant surprise to learn that he is also talented in the fields of history and writing.

This is Carl Tolpo, an Illinois sculptor and painter, considered one of the competent contemporary artists interested in portraying The Great Emancipator. The small bronze of the Presidential Lincoln and the plaster bust, right, were exhibited at the Montana Historical Museum this summer, where the artist was photographed by Ross Madden.



United States took a hand. It decided that even Congress could not prohibit slavery in the territories! If that should stand, wrote Lincoln, "it is plain that the people will have ceased to be their own rulers." If that had remained the law, slave servants, slave miners, and slave workmen would have been here in Montana before Lincoln's first term as President ended.

As it was, and despite the raging Civil War, the matter of slavery almost prevented the organization of the Territory of Montana. Territorial bills of the time customarily provided that, in the first elections, only "white male inhabitants" should vote. The bill for a Montana territorial government was in that form. But times were changing. Senator Wilkinson of Minnesota insisted that "white" should be stricken and "male citizens of the United States" be substituted.

Day after day the debate continued. The highlights of the history of slavery were recounted, with great oratory, much scorn, and some defense. There were few apologists for the decision of the Supreme Court, which held not only that Congress could not prohibit slavery in the territories but that negroes could not be citizens! The House of Representatives was adamant; it insisted on white suffrage. In the Senate it was proposed to let the bill die rather than "getting down on our knees to the House."

If the creation of a territorial government had not been so pressing and vital, it would be possible to derive amusement from some parts of the debate. A gentleman of one political faith proposed to call the new territory "Jefferson," whereupon of course another wag proposed to call it "Douglas" after the Senator from Illinois who had defeated Lincoln for that office a few years previously. Senator Sumner of Massachusetts, who had been a teacher at Harvard, said,

"The name of this new Territory—Montana—strikes me as very peculiar. . . . It must have been borrowed from some novel or other . . . I would rather take the name from the soil, a good Indian name."

The committee chairman, Senator Wade of Ohio, promptly asked him to "suggest one and I will agree to it." Then spoke Senator Howard, a Vermonter elected from Michigan, as follows:

"I was obliged to turn to my old Latin dictionary . . . It is a very classical word, pure Latin. It means a mountainous region, a mountainous country . . . You will find that it is used by some of the Latin historians, which is no small praise."

The committee chairman was irritable. With Howard's explanation he thought the name "well adapted to the Territory" but added: "I do not care anything about

For supplemental information of considerable merit see the editing of a letter from Sidney Edgerton by Anne McDonnell, *THE MONTANA MAGAZINE OF HISTORY*, Vol. 1, No. 4, October, 1951. To understand better the strong feeling between Union and Confederate supporters in the early Montana gold camps see the article by Herbert M. Peet about the feud between Territorial Governor Sidney Edgerton and Capt. John H. Rogers, Great Falls *TRIBUNE* supplement, Aug. 7, 1955.



Lincoln knew that the West must have railroads to develop. They were so vital, in fact, to Montana Territory that for a decade after 1867, when the Union Pacific and Central Pacific were madly racing to span the nation with track—even though the great President was dead—Corinne, Utah, hundreds of tough miles to the south was the southern terminus and railhead for Montana territorial freighters. The stage lines, carrying passengers and mail to the gold camps, started from this wild and teeming terminus, too, for the next decade.

the name.” But he concluded that “it is a good enough name.”

These diversions over, the Senate returned for some days to the serious issue. There were long and earnest pleas against agitating the suffrage issue; the idea was freedom first, the right to vote later. Most of the Senate seemed impressed with the argument that the issue was “the merest abstraction,” “a mere shadow of a shade,” because there were no negroes in Montana. Someone thought there was one, worth \$50,000; but some days later a report arrived that, although it was true that the negro referred to had discovered a mine worth \$50,000, he had died. Those interested in principle refused to agree that suffrage, even limited to the first election, should be confined to white men only even if there were no negroes in Montana.

A telling argument was that insistence on negro suffrage might cause the defeat of Mr. Lincoln in the coming presidential election. It was suggested that, in such a case, his opponents would

“conduct this election upon the basis of negro suffrage, and no man can doubt for a moment as to the result.” It was all right to free the slaves; giving them the vote was something else again. “It will divide the loyal people of this country.” It would be “a new element to inflame and embitter the great controversy to come off in the ensuing presidential election.”

Just at this moment, the *Congressional Globe* tells us, the passage of General Burnside’s Army corps in the streets interrupted the proceedings. When the Senators returned from the windows, other arguments were presented. What about social matters? What about segregation in railroad cars, in hotels, schools, and even churches? Should negroes be eligible for election to the Territorial Legislature? What about intermarriage of negroes and whites? One senator got an idea from the parade. There were negro troops in the line, he said; should they not be entitled to vote if they were entitled to fight for the Union?

But the Senate was getting tired. It was suggested that the creation of the new territory be shelved; and someone said that only prospective office holders wanted the new government anyway. But the leaders insisted on facing the issue. There was need of a government. "The rights of the people require that this territory be organized." Governance from Idaho over a wide stretch of Rocky Mountains was obviously impossible under the existing setup. "There is a community of men out there engaged in mining, and . . . they demand a government and ought to have it."

Then the conference committee came up with a new idea. Why not just adopt, by reference, the identical provision previously used in the Idaho territorial statute? True, that provision had in it the odious "white male" clause but, by this maneuver, it would not be necessary to write it out again in the Montana bill. A weary Senate decided that this was the practical thing to do. There were no negroes in Montana anyway, and in any event the statute would regulate only the first election; thereafter the Montana

territorial legislature would fix the suffrage. Why hold up so important a matter, ran the argument, in order not to "violate the ghost of some principle?" The bill passed finally, two to one. Lincoln promptly signed it.

Yes, Abraham Lincoln was surely here in mind, in spirit, and with all the force of his office. He was thus here even though, in some eyes, it could be said that he should have devoted his energies to other and more immediately pressing matters. He wanted the territories organized in local governments. He wanted them to become states of the Union as quickly as possible. He wanted the western country settled. He knew that there must be roads, railroads, surveys, and order. His greatness lies not only in his perception of the great issue of the day, but also in his awareness that the nation had to move forward in the far West as well as in the eastern half of the country. He was the friend of freedom, the Great Emancipator. He was also the friend of the settlers of the West, the builder of a nation. Abraham Lincoln was a kindly, far-seeing, founding father of Montana.

[THE END]



Because Abraham Lincoln could visualize the imperative necessity of surveys to help settle the West, the momentum engendered during his administration reached fruition nine years after his death with the Canadian-American boundary survey, an ox team party of which is pictured here, in northern Montana in 1874.



BOOK READER'S REMUDA

A ROUNDUP OF THE NEW WESTERN BOOKS

Edited by Robert C. Athearn

THOMAS J. WALSH: A SENATOR FROM MONTANA. *By Josephine O'Keane.* Francestown, N. H.: Marshall Jones Company, 1955. 284 pp., \$4.00.

*Reviewed by David H. Stratton
Baylor University*

Miss O'Keane, whose mother was Walsh's cousin, presents some interesting information about this well-known western senator's background and his twenty years on the national scene. In Montana, Walsh, the son of Irish immigrant parents, gained the reputation of an extraordinarily able lawyer, "a vigorous champion of organized labor," and a defender of the underprivileged. He refused a retainer from the Amalgamated Copper combine (later it became the Anaconda Copper Mining Company), which claimed to own a large share of the state politically as well as economically. He entered the Senate in 1913 on a groundswell of progressivism, and during the Wilson administration he was known as a liberal Democrat who supported almost all of the President's measures. He was one of the leaders in the unsuccessful fight for the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations. However, it was as "chief prosecutor" in the Teapot Dome investigation into Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall's leasing of the naval oil reserves to private enterprise that Senator Walsh became a famous and respected national figure. He was one of the most prominent contenders for the

Democratic presidential nomination in 1924 and again in 1928, and turned down an offer to become his party's choice for Vice President in 1924. Franklin D. Roosevelt selected Walsh as his Attorney General after the Democrats won the election of 1932, but the Montana senator died suddenly just before inauguration day.

Reminiscences of Walsh's relatives and friends, the author's personal knowledge of him, his papers in the Library of Congress and elsewhere, newspapers, and periodicals are the main sources utilized in this biography. There are no footnotes, only a scanty bibliographical note in the preface, and no index.

Miss O'Keane eulogizes her distinguished relative until he is all but deprived of his renowned astuteness as a politician. She brings out his concern with agricultural problems, but the extent of the mining industry's influence on Walsh's Senate activities is generally overlooked, possibly to avoid any connection of his name with the copper interests. Added emphasis on the political and economic forces in his home state which affected Walsh's attitudes on national and international issues would have given a more complete picture of Montana's greatest senator. In the chapters on the Teapot Dome investigation and the later Continental Trading Company probe, both involving the naval oil reserves, facts often are inaccurate and

important sequences of events are out of order. The Senate committee's hearings and Walsh's paper provide an excellent description of the Montanan's masterful direction of the oil inquiries, but the record of the hearings apparently was slighted, and the Walsh papers were not used to the greatest advantage. This account of the admirable career of one of America's most dedicated public servants is a beginning. However, as an inspection of the Walsh manuscripts in the Library of Congress alone will reveal, the definitive work on his contributions has not yet appeared.

* * *

THE INDIAN AND THE HORSE, by Frank Gilbert Roe. The Civilization of the American Indian Series, XLI, University of Oklahoma Press. 434 pp. Introduction, map, 31 illustrations, 3 appendices, bibliography, index.

Reviewed by Paul C. Phillips

The dustcover of this book states that "it will take its place with the classic works of Robert Moorman Denhardt, J. Frank Dobie, Stanley Vestal, Francis Haines, George Bird Grinnell, and Clark Wissler." This is hardly accurate, for the author presents the opinions of these writers and of numerous others as well. These include articles in Hodge, *Hand Book of American Indians*, by Mandlebaum, DeVoto, Cunningham-Graham, H. H. Bancroft, Jenness, Kroeber, Masson, Lowrie, Ewers, Gilbert Wilson, Worcester, and a host of authorities on limited areas and periods. He comments on these writers, generally in a friendly manner, but the authorities are of unequal value and the result is sometimes vague. The strongest part describes the northern area, where the author found sources of great interest.

This study does show careful and exhaustive reading. Part I discusses dogs for transportation, horses from Spain, aboriginal reactions, spread of horses, coloration, and legends of the White Stallion. Part II includes effects of horses on buffalo Indians, on nomadic life, on migrations, and on warfare. Later



chapters describe effect of horses on economic life, Indians as horsemasters, influence of horses on social conditions, particularly of women, horses as wealth, and horses and Indian psychology. The final chapter, "The Horse and the Buffalo," describes hunting and other matters relating to the buffalo.

The study is treated topically; a plan which necessitates many repetitions. But it does permit excursions into other fields: Indian migrations, warfare (especially scalping and the *coup*), general social conditions, and the weather. More related to the title are discussion of the Comanche and Blackfeet as horsemen, the Nez Perces as breeders of the Appaloosa, the Flatheads as owners of many ponies, the Crows as thieves and traders of horses.

The conclusion indicates that the horse broadened the Indians' spiritual as well as material outlook, elevated the position of women, and expanded Indian trade. This is supported by citations of Webb and Dobie.

The map shows, admirably, the dispersion of horses throughout the West. The fine illustrations are reproduced from rare paintings and excellent old photographs. One wishing to learn almost anything connected with the horse in Western America will find this book the best reference yet.



This rare photograph of Gabriel Dumont, Louis Riel's able lieutenant, was taken at the time of his capture at Fort Assiniboine. It was presented to the Historical Society of Montana by R. L. LeRoy of Mouistique, Mich.

LOUIS RIEL — 1844-1885 — A BIOGRAPHY, by William McCartney Davidson. The Albertan Publishing Company Ltd. Calgary, Alberta, Canada. Copyright, Canada, 1955. 214 pp. \$2.00.
Reviewed by Norman A. Fox

In the Spring, 1953, issue of this magazine, my byline appeared over a review of a paper-backed booklet, *THE LIFE AND TIMES OF LOUIS RIEL*, by W. M. Davidson, which was published by *The Albertan* after having appeared in serial form in that Calgary newspaper in November, 1951. Recently *The Albertan* has put forth a more pretentious book, *LOUIS RIEL—1844-1885, A Biography*, by the same author, William McCartney Davidson. The most casual examination at once reveals that the new version contains almost twice as much material as its predecessor, which was merely an abridgment of the material now presented.

The explanation as to why there are two books by W. M. Davidson relating to Louis Riel, mystic prophet and Métis leader, has been given by *The Albertan* as this: Davidson, who died in 1942, collected in the period between 1901 and 1926 a vast quantity of source material on Riel and the two abortive rebellions which Riel led in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Davidson's actual writing on the subject took place between 1926 and 1928, but he had touched upon a subject entirely too controversial for Canadian book publishers. Eventually, eight years after Davidson's death, A. M. Raymond,

present editor of *The Albertan*, a newspaper which had been founded by Davidson in 1900, volunteered to publish a digest of the biography as a serial, and with the consent of the trustee the content was condensed to about half the length and rewritten so that each installment would be a complete piece. Enthusiastic response to the serial resulted in the publication of the aforementioned paper-backed booklet, which sold far beyond the borders of Alberta as a result of favorable reviews, many of them unsolicited, in newspapers and certain American magazines of history, including this one. Provincial, state, public, and university libraries began buying the booklet for their collections, and it was determined that in fairness to Mr. Davidson's reputation his full work should appear.

But again formal publication could not be had, though many people of note tried to bring about this result. Still no Canadian book publisher would go to press with the Davidson manuscript. J. Donald Adams, not realizing that such a manuscript existed and thereby leaping to an erroneous conclusion, chided Canadian writers in his column in the *New York Times Book Review* section for neglecting the dramatic and colorful history of their native country, observing further that it had remained for an American writer, "the late Joseph Kinsey Howard to tell for the first time in a manner worthy of its subject, the stirring story of the Riel Rebellion." (*STRANGE EMPIRE*, by Joseph Kinsey Howard. William Morrow & Co., New York. 1952.)

But now the Davidson manuscript is available in its entirety, for *The Albertan* met the challenge by publication of the second book, which, as we have seen, was really the first. And what of the book itself? It is readable, it is definitive, it is colorful, and it represents nearly a lifetime's effort on Davidson's part to collect and correlate all the available material on a given subject.

In Canada the question has already been raised as to whether Davidson's work is also objective. The question, I think, should probe deeper. If Davidson's biography of a man—saint to one Canadian faction, Satan to another—is sometimes less than dispassionate and can thus be labeled pro-Riel, then the reader must ask the honesty of the author's intent and the validity of his research. There can be no question about either. Davidson was first a Parliamentary reporter in Toronto and then a working newspaperman in Alberta, a man whose profession was to be concerned with the fact, the unalterable fact; and he was also a scholar who brought the illumination of a learned mind to his findings. Any page of his book reveals these two facets of the man.

It has been said that it is a difficult matter, being an historian. William McCartney Davidson was indeed an historian. His book is well worth reading and worth owning, and all who possess the abridged version published earlier will profit by replacing it with the full-bodied book at long last in print.

* * *

WAH-TO-YAH AND THE TAOS TRAIL, by *Lewis H. Garrard*, with an introduction by *A. B. Guthrie, Jr.* [Western Frontier Library] University of Oklahoma Press. xvi, 298 pp. Map. \$2.00.

*Reviewed by Max L. Moorhead,
University of Oklahoma*

In September of 1846 a seventeen-year-old from Cincinnati in ailing health but inspired by Fremont's tour of the Rocky Mountains, joined a trader caravan at Westport Landing, Missouri; followed the Santa Fe Trail to Bent's Fort on the Arkansas; visited among the Cheyennes; and accompanied a party of outraged trappers to Taos to avenge the murder of American residents by New Mexican rebels against the recent military occupation. From the penciled notes of a ten-months' adventure evolved this spritely volume, first published in 1850.



Although not so pretentious as its more illustrious predecessors—the works of Kendall, Gregg, Buxton, and Parkman—young Garrard's memoir is unsurpassed for transporting the man in the armchair to the campfire, trail, and chase of the Mountain Man. The yarn is spun with a teen-ager's innocent assumption that what fascinated himself would fascinate others, and the freshness of the original notes emerged unsullied in the final writing.

The spirit of the times, rather than factual events, dominate the narrative and there are valuable descriptions of the life, customs, and language of the Indians and Mountain Men. Into the adventure come such great names as Charles and William Bent, Ceran St. Vrain, Kit Carson, Lucien Maxwell, Narcisse Beaubien, and Jim Beckwourth, but there is only one significant contribution to history: an eye-witness account of the trial and execution of the Taos Revolt participants. Although pronouncing the case and court proceedings grossly unjust, Garrard willingly assisted in the hangings which followed.

The general reader will no doubt most relish the chapter entitled "Wah-to-yah" (the Indian name for the twin Spanish Peaks, which dominate the landscape north of Raton Pass). This deals not with the majestic mountains themselves but with the imagined regions beneath where the garrulous John Hatcher met the Devil. Of that Mountain Man's abundant store of tall tales, this is the most hilarious.

THE LAST WAR TRAIL: The Utes and the Settlement of Colorado. By Robert Emmitt. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, 327 pages plus index 7 pages. \$4.50.

Reviewed by Paul C. Phillips

This book supplies the text for a stupendous pageant which cannot be staged because of the overwhelming requirements for space. The *dramatis personae* includes the author and editor who also takes the part of the narrator; the Utes, "laughing people" who surrendered most of their lands to "Washington" but retained twelve million acres for their own use; the Indian agent, who plans to force the Indians to stop hunting and become farmers; the whites, who covet the Indian lands; the Army; and federal officials who do not understand.

The author describes the country in poetic language as exotic as that of H. L. Davis in *Winds of the Morning*. The narrative is simple and concise. Action and motives are revealed in official dispatches, news stories, diaries, and from interviews with both Indians and whites. Such thorough documentation with such fine dramatic presentation are unusual combinations. The conflicting ideas of Indians and whites have never been better described. Whether the reader favors one side or the other, the conviction of fairness should be in his mind. The book is significant as a scholarly presentation of typical cases of white handling of the Indian problem in the West.

The drawings by Bettina Steinke are premonitory and beautifully done. The book itself has the beautiful makeup of



The Utes offer amused and passive resistance to the plans of the agent until he plows up their grass lands and race tracks but, when they begin to argue, one Indian knock the agent down. The Utes think the incident funny but the agent calls for troops. The Army advances and Ute chiefs ask for a conference which was agreed to. The honest white general, suspecting that the Indians were treacherous, advanced secretly to attack. The Utes resisted and defeated the troops. This led to an investigation and the Indians were compelled to leave their country which was at once overrun by the land hungry whites.

the Civilization of the American Indian Series.

As a footnote the Utes have been somewhat recompensed in money for their brutal exile, largely through the legal efforts of two distinguished lawyers from the West: Carl McFarland, now president of Montana State University, and E. L. Wilkinson, now president of Brigham Young University.



THE AUTHENTIC LIFE OF BILLY THE KID, by Pat F. Garrett. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, 1955. 156 pp. illustrated. Introduction by J. C. Dykes and introductory by Pat F. Garrett. \$2.00.

Reviewed by Wynn C. Kinsley,
Boulder, Colorado

For those who are interested in western gunmen this reprint is a valuable contribution. Even though it has been reproduced several times in its near original form and many times in part, it has been both difficult to find and especially hard to own, heretofore.

Most of the stories about "the Kid" had their origin in this book. Now the average layman who enjoys reading for pleasure, or the collector of accurate data on Western gun-fighters can read Garrett's account for what it is worth.

The value of the book has been greatly increased by the fine introduction of J. C. Dykes, one of the few real authorities on "the Kid." He traces, competently, the life of Pat Garrett, sheds a new light on how he was killed, and he logically accounts for the role of Ash Upson (who undoubtedly wrote the main portion of the book). Mr. Dykes advances the theory that "the Kid's" name was Henry McCarthy and that he assumed the name *William H. Bonney*. Then using the premise that this book, more than anything else, has been responsible for many unsubstantiated stories about "the Kid's" early life he proceeds to debunk them in the same order as they were written by Upson—a real public service! In the last eight chapters, which Dykes feels were largely written by Garrett, and which deal with the main incidents in Billy the Kid's life, he takes a cautious approach. Whenever Dykes is without proof, or feels the absence of Upson's hand, he leaves the written word for the reader to draw his own conclusions. He could not, objectively, do otherwise.

Certainly to those who have interest in "the Kid," their main concern is focused on how he died. At this point Mr. Dykes leaves the topic alone. So long as



the legend of the Kid lives, people will be probing for something more than the quick and accidental shooting described by Garrett.

It is interesting to note that Garrett never mentions Governor Lew Wallace, although there is definite proof of correspondence and possibly a meeting between him and the Kid. There seems to be a correlation between this and Garrett's report to the Governor, which sounds more like an apology than a sheriff's account of enforcing the law. It appears equally important to account for the dual role of Pete Maxwell. Garrett states clearly that he was his friend and a man he could rely on, but it seems strange that the Kid consistently spent much of his time there and surely felt that Maxwell was his friend. Until a competent authority, such as Mr. Dykes, can collect new data; or someone else comes forward with a new theory and more positive and more detailed information, publishers will continue to reprint this story. The reader will continue to read it, question its validity, and hope ultimately for a more authentic work on the exciting life of Billy the Kid.





An excellent early photograph of Fort Benton in 1878. This was Front street, which housed in the area seen, Murphy-Neel & Co., the famed Chateau House, T. C. Power & Brother, and the old Fort. The levees fronted on the river bank, right.

WHOO-UP COUNTRY: A STUDY OF THE CANADIAN-AMERICAN WEST, 1865-1885, by Paul F. Sharp. University of Minnesota Press, 1955, 16 pp. illustrations, 384 pages. \$5.

*Reviewed by Norman Graebner
Iowa State College*

This is the story of the "Timeless Land," that endless sweep of grassland which stretches northward from old Fort Benton on the Missouri through the high border country of Montana into the southern reaches of Alberta and Saskatchewan. The author catches the history in mid-stream, focusing his attention on the two formative decades following the Civil War. Seldom has an American frontier presented such a unique stage for the play of historic forces. Here was a region of environmental unity, respected as such by its aboriginal inhabitants, by early Hudson's Bay and American Fur Company traders, and by the free traders and merchants who operated out of Benton and for two decades after 1865 held the entire region in their economic grasp. Moving easily over the plains these men gave the territory a single culture and a single economy.

Simultaneously other forces were severing the cultural and economic oneness of the region. Canadian and American institutions, creeping westward along both sides of the 49th parallel (the political

boundary which divided the area as early as 1818) were slowly carving out two societies, similar and yet different. Like huge magnets, uniquely national characteristics, American and Canadian, tugged at the north-south axis which signified the region's unity. Railroads eventually resolved the struggle. Invading the northern plains in the late 1880's, they forced an economic orientation which coincided with the international boundary. Thereafter the region's geographical oneness persisted, but its economy and culture were divided. This transition of a vigorous frontier society from unity to diversity comprises the theme of this volume.

Hub of this exciting history is Fort Benton, one-time American Fur Company post located at the head of Missouri River navigation. Its cosmopolitan air bespoke its significance as a frontier community. The varied society that crowded its wharf in the post-Civil War years comprised high-collared merchants, French-Canadian and Creole rivermen, fringed trappers and traders, bullwhackers and mule-skinners, and, in the background, Blackfeet Indians in buckskin and blankets. What tied this metropolis to its prairie commerce was the famed Whoop-Up Trail. This old wagon road crawled out of Benton and moved westward along the Teton River,

then veered northward across the plains past Yeast Powder Flat, crossed the Marias River near old Fort Conrad, continued northward past Rocky Springs and entered Canada near present-day Sweetgrass. In Canadian territory the chief trail crossed the St. Mary River at Slideout, and continued on to Fort Macleod. This trail brought economic unity to the entire region.

Free traders brought new promise to Fort Benton at the close of the Civil War, for this river town was the rendezvous from which they penetrated the Blackfoot country, bringing profits to I. G. Baker and T. C. Power, the merchant princes of Benton. The town's significance as a business center on the northern plains during its heyday from 1874 to 1885 is unquestionable. One local editor could claim in 1875 that his little village "commands the traffic of the country, holds the key to the business houses of the Territory . . . [is the] transportation centre of Montana." Bentonites regarded Alberta and Saskatchewan as natural and permanent tributaries of Fort Benton. During these years Benton gathered in the goods from New Orleans to the south and from the Great Slave lakes to the north; it sold its products in St. Louis, New York, London, and St. Petersburg.

Yet Benton's prosperity was ever tied to its location on the Big Muddy. The advent of railroads proved its undoing. Years later one of Benton's prominent merchants, W. G. Conrad, recalled: "The railroad that reached us in 1888 changed all the channels of business, and many who had ardently prayed for it and longed for it, were ruined by its advent, because they were unable to adjust themselves to the new conditions it brought. The coming of the railroads annihilated time and distance . . . but at the same time it wiped out our independent trade dominion and annexed the country to the commercial territory of the great eastern merchant princes."

With overwhelming evidence Mr. Sharp challenges the traditional environ-

mentalism of many previous works on frontier history. In *Whoop-Up* country two civilizations were in formation, one Canadian and one American, sharing a common grassland environment. The contrast in the two plains cultures, especially after the arrival of the Canadian Mounted Police in 1874, suggests that the force of heritage, cultural tradition, and ideals can mold a society even on a frontier as raw as that of the northern plains. The Mounties came from eastern Canada or from England; they brought notions of law and order, new concepts of Indian relations, which were strange to the American frontier. Their courage and sense of justice brought virtual quiet north of the 49th parallel. The whisky trade vanished over-night. Yet the frontier to the south continued to be characterized by anarchy, bloodshed, and strife. As the author suggests, American frontiersmen would tolerate no such outside control of local institutions. The American ideal of a government close to the people cost the American trans-Mississippi frontier a considerable price in its inefficient and corrupt law enforcement.

Law in Choteau County was for many years what Benton sheriffs chose to make it. Farther north along the border wolfers and hunters gave it the traditional frontier interpretation. Such men never cared to distinguish between a "frontier fight" and a "massacre". Yet this became an important legal question in the "massacre" at Cypress Hills. This curious episode the author pursues with extensive research and careful historical detection. He follows the wolfers as they slip out of Benton in pursuit of alleged Indian horse thieves and stays on their trail until they finally face trial and acquittal at Helena and Winnipeg.

Whoop-Up Country is regional history at its best. Across its pages move the rough and exciting characters who carved out a remote and wild grassland frontier. But always the author is conscious of the larger world of politics and business which gave meaning to the region's local development. Life on the

frontier was always subject to decisions made elsewhere. Benton's economy, despite its regional predominance, was always colonial. Behind the enterprise of Montana merchants lay the relentless expansion of eastern metropolitans. In Whoop-Up country were outlets for New York, Montreal, and London stockholders, markets for New England textile manufacturers and for Chicago, New Orleans, and St. Louis commission and wholesale merchants. Benton businessmen were merely the advance agents of business enterprise that covered a continent. All this and more the author sees.

In *Whoop-Up Country* Mr. Sharp tells a fascinating story and tells it well. In every chapter he reveals his many years of research which have taken him from the libraries and repositories of Whoop-Up country to the archives of Ottawa and Washington. A volume so rich in its historical accuracy and so exciting in its narrative should be a welcome addition to every bookshelf of Western Americana.

* * *

BEYOND THE CROSS TIMBERS: THE TRAVELS OF RANDOLPH B. MARCY, by W. Eugene Hollon. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1955. xiii—270 pp. Illustrations, map, bibliographical note and index. \$4.00.

Reviewed by William S. Greever
University of Idaho

A notable military explorer of the Southwest, almost as well known to the people of his own generation as John C. Fremont but now little remembered, has been rescued from his obscurity by a well-executed biography. Randolph B. Marcy's first expedition established two routes for California goldseekers between Ft. Smith, Arkansas and Santa Fe. Soon off on further exploration, he traced the headwaters of the Red River, clearing up the previous confusion that it was the same stream as the Canadian River. Marcy made the initial recommendation for the string of forts built by the army from Arkansas to New Mexico, himself established one of the posts (Ft.

Arbuckle) and picked the precise location for another (Ft. Sill). He led a group through much little-known territory to lay out the first Indian reservations in Texas. On these various travels Marcy made maps, which were in most cases the first accurate ones of the regions covered. He wrote detailed reports, some of which were widely distributed as printed government documents and even yet are mines of valuable information on southwestern development. For the more general reader he published two books of a popular nature and compiled a useful guide for emigrants.

Marcy's strictly military activities extended from service in 1833 as a newly-commissioned second lieutenant at Ft. Howard (near Green Bay, Wisconsin) to duty, ending in 1881, as an Inspector General. His assignment during the Mexican War was mostly recruitment, but later he campaigned against the Seminoles in Florida and the Mormons in Utah. During the latter expedition he led a mid-winter relief party floundering through heavy snows 634 miles from Ft. Bridger to New Mexico; this was such an outstanding achievement in western travel that it made him the "hero of the Mormon War". During the Civil War, Marcy was chief-of-staff to his son-in-law, General McClellan, and later in the conflict shared the unpopularity of his commander.

Dr. Hollon, using official records and family correspondence, has written a needed, useful, objective and interesting book. He makes Marcy emerge as a real person. He lays his stress on a thorough treatment of the soldier's travels, merely summarizing all that most readers will want to know of the general's career in the Civil War and after. In so doing he gives also a good picture of the life of a professional on frontier assignments—the monotony of garrison routine, the long separation from family, the inadequate pay, the difficulty of securing deserved promotion and the game of army politics. *Beyond the Cross Timbers* is a well-done book.

NUGGETS

*The Pioneer Press divulges
both nuggets and fool's gold
from frontier placering*

There was an embullient, personal quality in Montana's frontier newspapers that simply doesn't exist today. It is not only a travesty, but a tragedy, for there is ample room in a youthful state for journalism with blood, guts, bone—yes, and belly laughs, too. These rough nuggets have been culled at random from the voluminous bound volumes in the State Historical Library. They are only typical. A deeper sampling would produce undeniable gems.



HO FOR THE YELLOWSTONE

MACKINAW FLEET. — Ingersoll & Co. advertise to leave Virginia City and Helena on the 10th inst., for the States. Passengers will be taken from either of the above named places to any point above St. Louis, for twenty-five dollars. A fleet of Mackinaw boats are in waiting at the old starting point on the Yellowstone. The boats have capacity for carrying twenty-five men each, and are bullet-proof.

*Montana Post,
Virginia City, M. T.,
September 1, 1866.*

AN EXODUS.—Upon Saturday, the 9th inst., the streets of Virginia were crowded with people and upon the following day, two hundred and fifty persons, from the grandfather with hoary locks down to the suckling in its mother's arms, under the leadership of a "Moses," Captain Singleton, departed for the Yellowstone. America is the land of promise for which they are journeying. About twenty-five boats will leave the Yellowstone canon on the 15th inst., and about four hundred and fifty passengers will descend the Missouri. For the benefit of our Indian subscribers upon the Plains, we will say that many of these parties carry rifles and guns, which they are prepared to use without asking any ques-

tions. They have presents of bullets for them which they will give them internally by means of a civilizing agent called gunpowder.

*Montana Post,
Virginia City, M. T.,
Sept. 15, 1866.*

MACKINAWS. — Two hundred and sixty passengers started on the 20th inst., from Virginia, and will go down on the Yellowstone upon the boats of Heard & Co. Singleton's fleet left the canon on the 17th instant.

*Montana Post,
Virginia City, M. T.,
Sept. 22, 1866.*

OFF.—At this time, eastward the star of emigration moves, and squads continue to start for America. The drummers for different Mackinaws, are busy, and always go "where two or three are gathered together in one place," and blow for the craft of their respective employees. Some of them plead so eloquently that they almost induce a man to go in their boat, which is bullet-proof and has a cook-stove, when he desires to stay in the land of gold.

*Montana Post,
Virginia City, M. T.,
Sept. 22, 1866.*

—Our readers will be gratified to learn that Singleton's fleet, consisting of twenty-five boats, arrived at Sioux City on the 20th ult. The passage consumed thirty-four days, twelve of which were occupied in sailing down the Yellowstone. No trouble was received from the "brown Indians" and the passengers, with the exception of Mrs. Thompson, who died of disease, reached their destination in safety.

Montana Post,
Virginia City, M. T.,
Nov. 17, 1866.

MACKINAW. — Forty-five miners came down on the Montana, among them were Warren Toole, Esq., of Helena, and several other former residents of this county. The amount of gold on the boat is estimated at \$100,000. From Mr. C. A. Heard, of the firm of Heard & Co., Virginia City, we learn that his fleet consisted of sixteen boats, and carried two hundred and fifty miners. The fleet left Yellowstone canyon on the 27th of September, and traversed the twenty-seven hundred miles in twenty-eight days. The pilot boat sunk at Clark's Fork with a loss of \$2,500 in dust and provisions. These miners had in all over \$500,000 worth of gold dust; several miners from Maine had \$50,000, and a Mr. Munger of St. Louis, \$25,000. Professor Patch, of Helena, informs us that his fleet of seven boats left Fort Benton on the 7th of October, with five hundred miners, and over \$1,000,000 in dust. One boat sunk on the passage, but no valuables were lost. Over three hundred Indians attempted, above Fort Rice, to attack them, but were intimidated, and hurried off.—*St. Joseph Herald, 8th.*

Montana Post,
Virginia City, M. T.,
Dec. 1, 1866.



FRONTIER FUN

In the month of November, 1866, it will be remembered by many of our old citizens a treaty was made at Fort Benton by Gov. McNamara, Maj. Upham and other government officials with the different tribes of northern Indians, viz: Piegans, Bloods, Blackfeet and Gros Ventres, it being the largest assembly of Indians ever known on the Benton flat. The country for miles around was covered by Indian cayuses, for at that time the tribes were rich in horses, each chief often having many hundred.

A large train of the Diamond R Transportation Company was also camped on the flats. They had transported a fourteen pound howitzer on the back of a faithful mule from the steamer Shreveport, which had unloaded her cargo at Cow Island or some point near. The howitzer had been left for the protection of freight, which, on account of the extremely low stage of water, could not be brought to the fort by boat. With the last load of freight came the gun, as above stated.

The immense congregation of Indians caused the men in charge of the "little gun" to conceive the idea of showing the Indians its strength by discharging it from the back of a mule. Many of the old-timers hearing of the project went to witness the experiment, expecting to see the mule turning double somersaults over the bank of the river. The howitzer, loaded with grapeshot, was securely fastened upon the back of a large, sleepy looking train mule, with the muzzle pointed toward the tail, and the patient,

unsuspecting animal was led to the bank of the river near the present site of T. C. Power & Bro.'s store, and a target set up across the river. The rear of the mule was turned toward the target, and arranged in a semi-circle around that mule were train men, officers and wondering Indians, well besprinkled by our curious old-timers. A chief of ceremonies having been appointed, he advanced, and when all was in readiness, inserted a time fuse in the touch-hole of the howitzer, retired. In a short time the quiet, unruffled mule heard a fizzing just back of his ears, which made him uneasy, and he immediately began to investigate. As he did so his body turned and the howitzer began to take in other points of the compass. The mule became more excited as his curiosity became more and more intense, and in a few seconds he either had his four feet in a bunch, making more revolutions in a minute than the bystanders cared to count, with the howitzer threatening destruction to everybody within a radius of a quarter of a mile, or he suddenly would try standing on his head with his heels and howitzer at a remarkable angle in the air. The chief was so excited he was seen vainly trying to climb the flag staff; the train men and Indians scattered pell mell over the flat toward the bluffs, running as if they thought in flight lay their only safety, and that, too, at a rate of speed much greater than grapeshot. Judging from the alacrity with which Col. Broadwater, H. A. Kennerly, Jo. Healy and Mose Solomon slid over the bank of the river, they were not opposed to immersion; Matt. Carroll, George Steel and James Arnoux toward the store, which occupied the present site of Sullivan's saddlery shop, and the Overland; Hi. Upham, J. J. Healy and Bill Hamilton began to throw up breastworks with their sheath knives; Capt. Nelse rolled promiscuously on the ground and groaned, while I. G. Baker and one or two of the peace commissioners were turning back hand-springs toward the fort.

While the mule, with his heels in mid air, was shaken with the most violent agitation, there was a puff of smoke, a thud, and the mule — oh, where was he? Ask of the winds, for not a soul saw him, and they will tell you a lonely, forlorn mule might have been seen turning over and over until finally he tumbled over the bank with his howitzer and cast anchor in the river, while the shot went toward the fort, striking the figure of a buffalo that was used as an advertisement at the fort, and which hung there until within the last two or three years, and which many of the citizens of Fort Benton will remember was well perforated with balls. Future investigation and development have brought to light the fact that X. Biedler was the commander in chief elected, and that it was his first buffalo.

Fort Benton River Press,
Dec. 24, 1884.



WAGONS WEST

TRAINS ARRIVED—During the week, the following trains arrived in Virginia City: Twenty-three wagons for Tootle, Leach & Co., which left Platts-mouth on May 26th. We regret to learn that the wagon master, Thomas Dillon, was murdered by the Indians on July 23d. Eight wagons for C. Beers and Vaile & Robinson, and five more for Messrs. Bernard & Eastman, all of which left Council Bluffs on June 6th. At the Big Horn, the Indians stole forty mules from Mr. Beers's train and thirty from Vaile & Robinson. Seventeen wagons, under the charge of R. W. Trimble, of Hanauer, Solomon & Co., that left Logan, Cache Valley, on August 14th. Five wagons from Leavenworth, with goods belonging to N. Floyd, who was murdered by the Indians, at Brown Spring, on July 24th; his head was severed from the body. Twenty-six wagons, with goods of G. and B. Morse, left Nebraska City on May 29th, and arrived in the Gallatin Valley on the 5th inst.; two men were killed at the Dry Fork, within two miles of Fort Reno. The Indians tried to stampede their animals when they were in sight of the fort. Every train had mules or cattle stolen. If this record for one week does not satisfy the sordid proprietors of unscrupulous sheets, like the *New York Herald* and *Boston Advertiser*, that the Indians are hostile, what will? Name the price for which you can be bought.

Montana Post, Virginia City, M. T.
—Sept. 15, 1866.



ARRIVAL OF FREIGHT TRAINS

Main street was unusually lively yesterday, and presented a busy appearance not unlike the palmy days of ['65-6?] '55-6. The arrival of two of A. G. Garrison's ox trains from Corinne loaded with goods for our merchants was one of the causes of such activity, for all day long the freights were being unloaded and received by the consignees, filling up the sidewalks with immense piles of boxes, barrels and other packages of great variety and too numerous to detail. Train No. 2 made the trip, as we are informed, in thirty-one days, and the freight on the same were only thirty-six days intransitu from San Francisco to Helena. Thirty-one days is claimed to be the best time ever made by an ox train from Corinne to Helena—a distance of 480 miles—and Mr. Garrison, always prompt and reliable in the management of his business, has won new laurels. Among the consignees are Auerbach & Bro., McLeod & Jack, Sam Hall, Chas. Mayn & Co., T. C. Groshon, and Morris & Bro.

Helena Weekly Herald
—November 13, 1873.

* * *

APPLES

Mr. Wight, at Oak Hall, on Wallace Street, has just received from Salt Lake, a fine lot of green and red, Large, small, sour and sweet apples, and is retailing them at prices ranging "from a bit up." Mr. W. made us a present of a dozen of the delicious fruit the other day, and not knowing what else to do with them we "ate them skins and all," quicker than a cat could catch a mouse.

Montana Post, Virginia City, M. T.
—September 1, 1866.

* * *

FRONTIER FROLIC

Benton, M. T.,
January 3, 1869.

To the Editors of the Herald:

Although we are aborigines, as a general thing, it must not be supposed that Christmas and New Year's days passed unobserved with us. Truly, you would be surprised at the zest with which ye gentle savage participates in the festivities.

The employees of the old American Fur Company, who were mostly French, in the days before any settlements other than trading posts were dreamed of, brought into this custom (national with frog-eaters) of saluting the other sex, on New Year's day, with platonic kisses; and, as a considered number of our citizens abide with and are married to Indian and half-breed women, who derive much of their manners and many customs from the early Canadian French

settlers, the aforesaid ladies of the carmine complexion might have been seen, early on the first day of the year, in bodies of twenties and thirties, thronging the streets, going into every house and kissing the male inmates. Modest young gentlemen like Joe H. and "Rosy," M. F., Clev., John P., Geo. A. B., Charlie C., Maj. E., and others found no security in retreat or seeking hiding places in upper lofts and dry goods boxes; the squaw was a privileged character and that day must be kissed.

It was an amusing sight to see our young men, when necessity compelled them to go abroad, poke a head out of the door or window, and seeing the coast clear, sally forth to be grabbed and mussed over on the first corner. But, between us, I fancied a certain portion of the entertainment was very much relished by the victims, particularly in the absence of one or two squaws who drank too much, and when "one-armed Dumbly" (a frail and by no means a fair one) was not in the crowd. One had no choice, however, and the *bonne* and *autre* had to be endured alike.

During the evening a dance came off, known here as a squaw ball, at which the elite of the forest maidens were present, among whom, my informant tells me he recognized the elegant and charming Miss "Wagon Box," arrayed in striped silk, bed tick pattern, with various kick-shaws and adornments. Also present were the affable, polite, meek, gentle, etc., Misses "Stomach," "Fatty," and "Mike," and others with euphonious cognomens. My reporter informs me that he noticed etiquette in those assemblages required that when you wanted a partner for the next dance you must nudge her with your thumb and look at her; if she grunts you're all right and can count on the engagement, but if she says "Sa" (which means No in Peigan) you must poke up another. Refreshment consists of pies cut in slices and handed around

(Continued on page 63)



DIRECTOR'S *Roundup*

K. ROSS TOOLE

It is unusual for a book to come out which is regional in scope but yet contributes tremendously to state and local history. Paul Sharp's *Whoop-up Country: The Canadian-American West, 1865-1885*, which is to be published by the University of Minnesota Press (probably in November) is such a book. But it is more than that. It is a brilliantly written study of Canadian-American relation, 1865 to 1885, which covers an immense field yet never loses itself in generalizations. It is, at the same time, a detailed study of the Northern Great Plains region which contains more of the history of Fort Benton as a hub of empire than any other book. Further, you can learn more of the history of Montana's magnates such as S. T. Hauser, the Powers, *et. al.* from this book than you can any place else. In fact, the book is loaded with fresh Montana history.

Most such studies are either economic, social or political. This one is all three and is fascinating reading to boot. A tremendous amount of research in both Canadian and American archives has revealed a wealth of new (and often startling) material. But Sharp never lets research clog his story.

One chapter, "Chicago of the Plains," being a treatment of Fort Benton, is a classic. Paul Sharp (who now teaches at the University of Wisconsin) is that rare bird—an academic historian who writes beautifully and has a highly developed sense of "story". All this adds up to a superb book.

The Historical Society of Montana is promoting this book because it is the most exciting piece of Montana history that has come along in many a year.

Mark you, it is a broad study, international in scope, yet it contributes more to Montana history and the history of the Northern Great Plains than anything we've read in a long, long time. It is written by a man who knows his Canadian and American history and who therefore puts his fascinating particulars about Montana into a broad and significant context. It is written by a man who never departs from the rules of evidence and the canons of good scholarship, but who never forgets that if a book is to be read there must be a story and it must be well told. This, in our estimation, is history at its best. We're grateful that Dr. Sharp chose to use his talents this time on a subject which concerns Montana.

The Historical Society has no financial interest in this book at all. But we got excited enough to order two hundred copies and if you're interested let us know. The book sells for \$5.00. The printing is limited and we expect a book of this calibre will sell quickly—so don't delay sending us your order. This is one book we recommend completely without qualification.



Fort Benton, 1862, from an old drawing by Sohon.



The MONTANA MAGAZINE OF HISTORY impresses me as being one of the best of the regional publications being developed in an effort to protect and preserve our American heritage. It is worthy of preservation as high-grade Americana. I read it from cover to cover with pleasure and profit and managed to fill in several important gaps in my knowledge of the Montana story.

H. Merle Smith, Vice President
United States Savings and Loan League
Chicago, Illinois

Please send a year's gift subscription of your magazine to Mrs. Walter M. Whitman, Wrentham, Massachusetts, one of the two surviving children of Sidney Edgerton.

Pauline R. Archibald
Great Falls, Montana

I am very much interested in keeping in touch with the state through your fine magazine.

T. L. Brantly, Vice President
The Crowell-Coilier Publishing Co.
New York, N. Y.

Congratulations on your magazine. Each issue surpasses the others . . . Montanians can be justly proud of this magazine.

Mrs. Harold B. Prescott
Victor, Montana

We thoroughly enjoy "Montana"; it is an outstandingly informative and delightful publication. All good wishes for continued success.

Mrs. Clinton J. Backus
Midway City, California

I enjoy reading your Quarterly and think you are doing a good job of presenting Montana history in readable, yet scholarly, form.

Robert W. Johannsen
The University of Kansas

I have been interested in Montana for a long time and am curious to know how I could have escaped this magazine up to the present, considering all the Western mailing lists on which my name appears. Don't you think the back cover ought to have a caption?

Alfred A. Knopf
New York, N. Y.

My copy just received of the current issue of the Magazine. As usual, it's a "corker"!

James S. Hutchins
Columbus, Ohio

As a native North Dakotan who was privileged to live in Montana for five years and now exiled in Minnesota—I was delighted to discover on my recent vacation in Montana, your excellent publication. I wish to express my appreciation of your efforts in publishing this very interesting magazine.

Charles D. Wahlberg
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Mr. Fred Conrad, Vice President of the Northwestern National Bank of Minneapolis, called me on the telephone this morning to tell me that he sat up half of the night reading the Montana Magazine, and that he enjoyed it so completely that he wants to join the Society . . .

A. T. Hibbard, President
Union Bank and Trust Company
Helena, Montana

I have seen a few copies of your Magazine and congratulate you on the excellent job you are doing. We have made a start in Alberta but it is slow. I like what you are doing in continuing the work started by Joe Howard, a good personal friend. Joe lived up here you know, once a Herald newsboy.

C. Frank Steele, Associated Editor
The Lethbridge Herald
Lethbridge, Alberta

As a displaced Montanan I look forward to the arrival of the Magazine with the great anticipation. I doubt that I leave a word unread and often read it over a second and third time.

Dorothy O'Malia
Sacramento, California

I teach English and American Government and feel the need for such a magazine . . . I wish you all the luck in the world with this great venture. I have not read any magazine on western history as stimulating as this.

Grier Nicholl
Stevensville, Montana

I would like to join the many other readers who have praised this truly noteworthy magazine. Your choice of materials and wealth of illustrations makes each issue a permanent part of my library. Thank you for many hours of wonderful reading.

Jessie Wills Gerdo
Spokane, Washington

Ear'y this month my wife and I visited your Museum and had a very enjoyable experience.

(Continued on page 64)

with a bucket of ice water. Drinks are only attainable at near saloons, or where someone has "cached" a bottle of the ardent in the snow outside, which, by the way, seems not to be a very safe way to keep it handy, for the untamed Indian hangeth around the door, seeking for something to devour, and isn't at all consciencious [sic] about hunting for and "raising the cache," if he finds it, which he generally does.



FAST EXPRESS, 1866

THE OVERLAND ROUTE—As at present arranged, the overland mail service is performed in a very satisfactory manner. Coaches run daily from the Missouri river to the Rocky Mountains and thence to Salt Lake, Idaho and Montana. There are employed in the service 700 men, 1,500 horses, 700 mules, 80 mail coaches, and 20 express wagons, besides oxen and freight wagons, which carry goods to some 250 way stations that are on the route. The entire distance is 3,000 miles, and complete arrangements are made for the supplying passengers with meals, and for the distribution throughout the country of express parcels, by means of a corps of agents.

Montana Post, Virginia City, M. T.

—October 6, 1866.

THE GREAT BILLIARD MATCH

The great billiard match for \$500 a side, between Jno. Rodrigo, of Helena, and Jno. J. McLean, of Diamond City, which has been the absorbing topic among the lovers of this beautiful sport, took place in the Theatre yesterday, in the presence of a large number of interested spectators, admirers and experts. Wm. McFarland was chosen referee, and Len Robinson and Mr. Post umpires. The game was called at 12 o'clock precisely, and concluded at 4:22. It was well played throughout, both contestants exhibiting great nerve and skill, and the most intense enthusiasm was manifested by the audience whenever a brilliant shot was made. Rodrigo led his opponent all through the game from three to twenty-one points, until the last spring, when McLean, by careful playing, good judgment, and excellent nerve, passed his skillful rival, and had but five

points to go. The betting, which until then had been decidedly in favor of the Spaniard, was reversed, and odds of two to one were offered that "Mac" would win, but no takers, except in one instance, and that was Policeman Burmeister, who, having confidence in the final success of his favorite, "went in" to the extent of \$80 and won. The score now stood Rodrigo 235 and McLean 246, when the Spaniard, by good luck and the most remarkable skill we have ever seen displayed, made a run of 15 and finished the game — beating his opponent by four points.

The players labored under some embarrassments which seemed to be unavoidable, such as a cold room and frozen cushions. These annoyances, of course, materially prevented a larger average, which was a trifle less than 1, there being 259 innings and 250 points up. Both players made each a run of 15. At the conclusion of this important contest, Rodrigo, the winner, and now champion of Montana, was vociferously cheered and warmly congratulated by his numerous friends and admirers. We are informed that another match will be played soon by these two contestants, and that preliminaries have already been made—the friends of Mac claiming that their favorite had the requisite material to vanquish the almost invincible Rodrigo.

January 7, 1869.

Helena Weekly Herald,

* * *

Yesterday afternoon a yearling steer which had battled long and bravely with starvation finally gave it up, and walking on to the sidewalk of Lockey's bakery, gazed wistfully through the window at the tempting array of fresh bread within, and then lay down and calmly breathed his last. Mr. Lockey was a trifle "hostile" and the boys around the premises decidedly "hot," for the locality had never been advertised as a graveyard for yearling steers. There would certainly seem to be plenty of places for a discouraged steer to die, without selecting that particular location, but the worst of it is that several companions of the deceased bovine, who have been reduced to nearly a like extremity, are also hovering about the bakery, having evidently decided that when the death struggle comes they will lie down on the same spot and die where their companion perished before them. That is why Mr. Lockey looks so sad today.

The Helena Daily Independent,

—January 19, 1881.

We wish to compliment your Society on the character and execution of your exhibits.

Richard S. Fatig
Ohio Historical Society
Columbus, Ohio

* * *

To think I have lived this long—71 years—and haven't subscribed before. Knew the late Sen. Geo. McCone very well. I was born on a cattle ranch 6 miles from Glendive down the Yellowstone Valley Oct. 31—1883. The day I was 3 years old, Oct. 31, 1886, we moved by covered wagon down on Missouri River 30 mi. below Williston, cattle and all. Lived there till I was almost 7 and went back to Glendive. The winter of '86 and '87 just about "wiped us out." Your magazine is intensely interesting.

Mrs. James Couton
Newberg, Oregon

* * *

What a relief to find a magazine without advertisements. I didn't think there could be such a gem among magazines until I found yours.

Mrs. Charles J. Cotton
Glasgow, Montana

Some of the photographs which appear in your magazine are priceless and of very great interest to me. It seems strange to me that Wyoming can't do something comparable to what your excellent society is doing. Down there they seem to be a bit for this "out of the sod" business and research doesn't seem much to them, unfortunately.

Stephen P. Jocelyn
"Faronville", Appoigny, (Yonne)
France

* * *

Your magazine just crossed my path and I think its wonderful.

W. McNiff
Atherton, California

* * *

I like your magazine and look forward to each copy and I especially enjoy the old pictures that are reproduced in each issue. It is just like turning back time and being able to see an authentic scene from the past.

Mrs. Wm. G. Dutton
Jordan, Montana



With the appearance of "When Cows Were Wild" on the cover of this issue, we complete a cycle of having published five new Russell reproductions for the first time. In order of their appearance, as covers, this year, they are: The Artist's personal Christmas card for 1914; The Herd Quitter; Lewis and Clark Meeting the Flatheads at Ross' Hole (seen here, left and above); and The Roundup, which appears on the cover of our new Charles M. Russell Program, now for sale at \$1 (opposite page). We have a standard print, in very good lithographic quality, which we can offer of any of these subjects a \$1 each—all for immediate delivery except "When Cows Were Wild"—available in about 60 days. If you are a collector, don't wait. We are accepting orders now. They make wonderful Christmas gifts.



The Last Roundup?

We certainly hope not, for you as a dedicated reader of this magazine. But, since most subscriptions are on a calendar year's basis, and this is the final quarterly issue for 1955, we are making every effort to re-register your brand. If your brand turns up missing in the spring roundup to become a maverick in our list of strays, we'll miss you, Pardner. And we're sure that you'll miss us, too!

We say this with confidence, but not with conceit. Our range for 1956 is as unlimited as the prairies and mountains. Our plans are big. With this wider and greener range, bigger and better stock and an abundance of rich hay in the stacks, we look forward to our biggest bonanza crop.

Since we now have a stake in all of the fabled, colorful West, rather than just Montana, our range is fabulously vast and varied. This automatically attracts more and finer writing talent. And since we have been financially successful, we can now plow back more and more revenue into a richer and more exciting product. (It costs you a buck more, but we'll invest several thousand dollars more). Our covers, for example—superb four-color lithographic reproductions of previously unpublished Charles M. Russell painting—now cost us more, each issue, than the entire magazine cost to print, just two years ago. And in '56 you'll get more big name writers, improved typography, more art and more graphic illustrative displays, too.

All these dividends can be shared more abundantly with you in the four coming issues—along with the undiminishingly rich and fascinating heritage of the Western Frontier—as we have never been able to share them before. And in appreciation for your prompt renewal, which saves us time, money and effort, we offer a bonus gift.

For the first 1500 renewals or new subscriptions received, we will mail, post-paid, your choice of *one* of the five splendid Russell reproductions listed on the opposite page. Don't wait, because you may then be too late. The attached coupon simplifies your renewal. Send it in right away and be assured of getting a fine Russell print plus 365 days of bright, informative, factual enjoyment from the most widely read journal of Western regional history in the U. S. We're watching for your brand in the next roundup.

MONTANA
the magazine of western history



MAGNIFICENT MONTANA

Year-round vacationland, glorious in autumnal color

Donald Culross Peattie once wrote: "Colorado is high, having more peaks within its borders than any other state. Wyoming is wide, with the breadth of the plains between the Big Horns and the Grand Tetons. California is handsome, with a splendor of success. It takes all three adjectives to describe Montana."

These states and several more with much the same superlatives comprise the fascinating region known to Americans as "The West." Yet their greatest dimension is not terrain or natural wealth. It is a priceless heritage of stirring history; of fur-traders, Indians, gold miners and cowboys—brought to life again within these covers!

